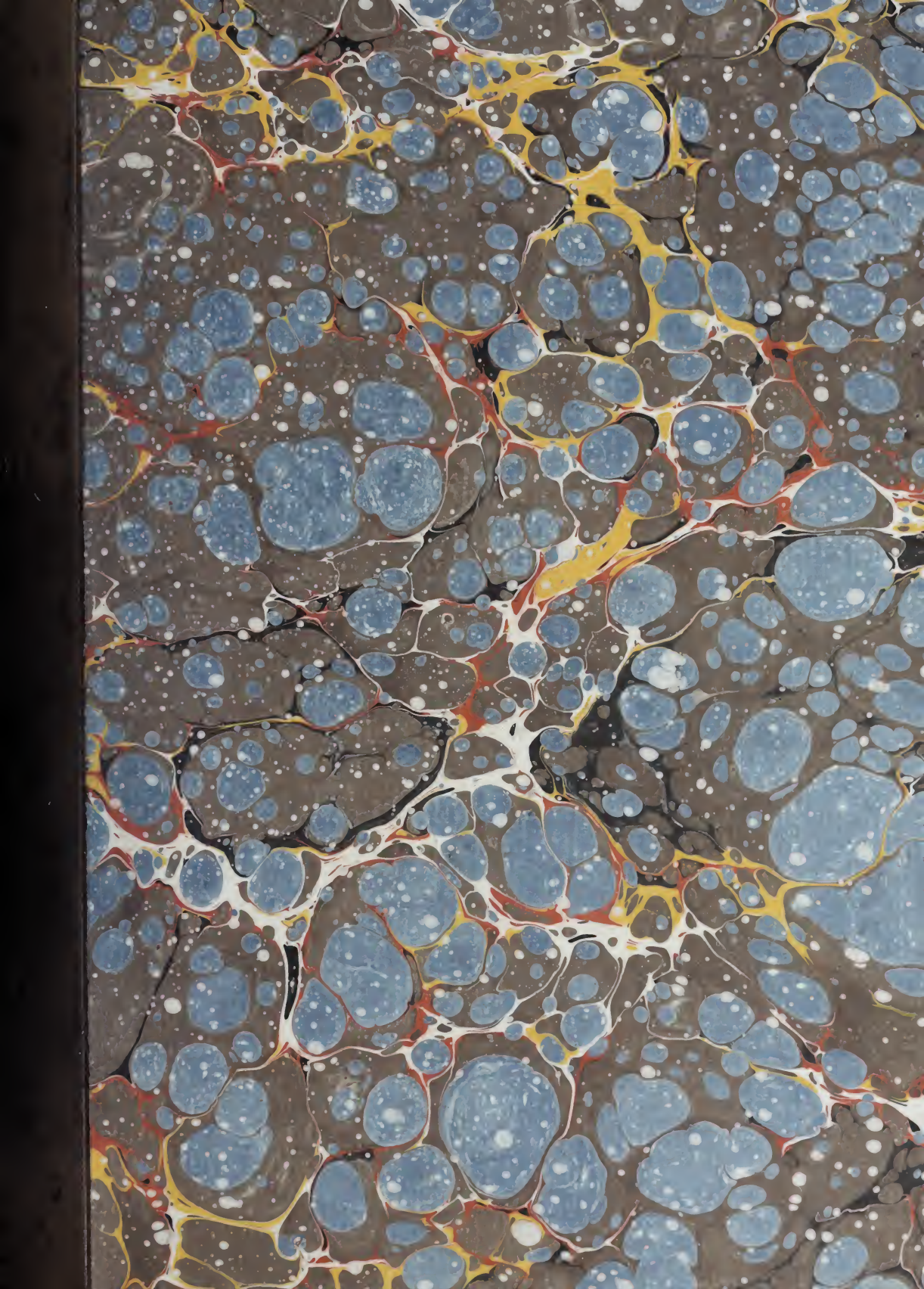

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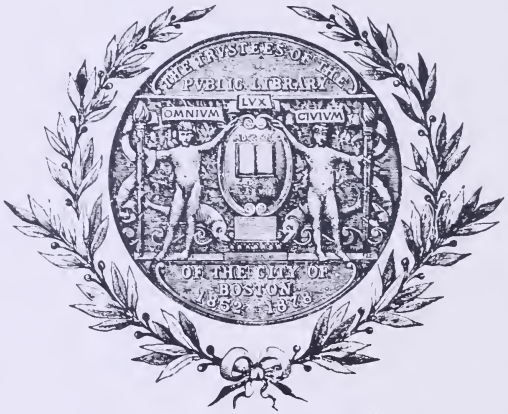

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CAMBYSES

King of Persia:

A

TRAGEDY.

Acted by His Highness the Duke of York's Servants.

Written by ELKANAH SETTLE, *Gent.*

Aut Famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge
Scriptor ——— *Hor. de Arte Poet.*

Licensed, *March* 6. 1670.
Roger L'Estrange.

LONDON,
Printed for *William Cademan*, at the *Pope's Head* in the Lower Walk of the *New-Exchange*. 1671.

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TO THE

Most Excellent, and most Illustrious

PRINCESS,

ANNE, Dutchess

OF

BUCCLUGH & MONMOUTH:

Wife to the most Illustrious, and High-born Prince, *JAMES*, Duke of

MONMOUTH.

May it please your Grace;

SInce the great Characters, and Subjects of serious Plays, are representations of the past Glories of the World, the arrogance of an Epistle Dedicatory may pretend to some Justice, in offering the Heroick Stories of past Ages to their Hands, who are the Ornaments of

the present. — *Once* Persia *was the Mistress of the Earth, the Royal Seat of the Monarchs of the Universe. Then, as that God, the Sun, which they ador'd, lends his kind Rays to all lesser lights; so all the Tributary Glories of Inferiour Princes shin'd by reflection from the* Persian *Crown. But now that Sovereignty must cease, and the Eastern Monarch* Cambyses *can pretend to no greatness of his own, but comes to borrow Glories from the Western World, in seeking a Patronage from your favourable goodness. The same* Cambyses *whom History has represented to be a Blasphemer of the gods, a Prophaner of Religion, and a Defacer of Temples, is by your power become a Convert, and humbly payes his Devotion to that Divinity, to whose protection he commits himself and Fortune.* — *But whilst I thus boldly proceed to Dedicate this trifle to your Grace, I forget to ask pardon for the meaness of the Offering, and the confidence of him that offers it; a Crime unpardonable, were not your Mercy as signal as your other Virtues: For when kind Heaven honours the World with some Worthy and Illustrious Person, in which Rank your Grace must claim an eminent place; who, besides your late*

Affinity,

Affinity, are Allied to that Royal Race, to which England *owes its three last Monarchs; Heaven, I say, besides the Great Souls, High Spirits, and Noble Thoughts it lends such Persons, endues them too with more Familiar Virtues; as Courtesy, Generosity, and a Condescension to entertain the Addresses of Inferiour Mankind, and to smile on the Endeavours of the meanest of their Subjects, and Admirers. Else they would be forced, like Planets, to move in a Sphear alone; and Greatest Monarchs, should they admit of none below them, would make their Palaces but solitary Prisons. The assurance therefore of these Virtues, which particularly possess so large a seat in your Heroick Breast, animate me to present this Poem to your Hands, that it may take Sanctuary there, where in its Infancy it received protection. As he that's born under some happy Planet, owes the success of his whole Life to the Predominance of that kinder Star that ruled at his Nativity. The Entertainment you gave it in loose sheets, when it first saw light, encourages me to this presumption, now in its riper growth, to devote it wholly to your Self, and under that Title to stile it happy: Since thus Guarded, I dare expose it to the World;*

and

and stand in less awe of Censures, when your Influence protects it, For, as that timerous Pilot, *in a Storm, was Condemn'd for fearing Shipwrack when his Vessel carried* Cæsar; *this* Poem *can fear no dangers when it carries your Name for its Defence. But besides the fortunate and glorious Advantages this* Piece *may justly challenge from the Favour of so Indulgent a* Patroness, *it entitles me to this happiness, the opportunity this Dedication gives me, of writing my self,*

Madam,

Your Graces most Humble, and

most Obedient Servant,

ELKANAH SETTLE.

The

The Actors Names.

Cambyſes, the true King of *Perſia*.		Mr. *Betterton*.
Prexaſpes, His Favourite.		Mr. *Harris*.
Otanes, Father to *Phedima*, & *Orinda*, Heir to the *Perſian* Crown.	*Perſian* Princes, Generals of *Cambyſes*'s Army.	Mr. *Crosby*.
Darius, Contracted to *Phedima*.		Mr. *Smith*.
Artaban, A *Perſian* Lord of *Cambyſes*'s Train.		Mr. *Norris*.
Oſiris, a Young Captive Prince, Contracted to *Mandana*.		Mrs. *Long*.
Smerdis, an Impoſtor, Uſurper of the *Perſian* Crown; Reigning in the Name of *Smerdis*, Younger Brother to *Cambyſes*, privately Murder'd by *Prexaſpes*: known only to *Prexaſpes*, and *Pataſithes*.		Mr. *Medbourne*.
Pataſithes, His Friend; left Deputy of *Perſia*, during *Cambyſes*'s Progreſs into *Egypt*.		Mr. *Sandford*.
Theramnes, A Diſguis'd *Syrian* Prince, now General of *Smerdis*'s Army, privately in Love with *Orinda*.		Mr. *Young*.
Phedima, in Love with *Darius*.		Mrs. *Jennings*.
Orinda, Her Siſter.		Mrs. *Dixon*.
Mandana, A Captive Princeſs, Heireſs to the *Egyptian* Crown, Daughter to *Amaſis*, ſlain by *Prexaſpes*, at *Cambyſes*'s Command.		Mrs. *Betterton*.

Auretta, and *Atoſſa*, waiting Ladies to *Phedima* and *Orinda*.
Two High Prieſts, *Perſian* Magicians.
Captain of Guards to *Smerdis*.
Villains, Ghoſts, Spirits, Maſquers, Meſſengers, Executioners, Guards, and Attendants.

The Scene, *Suſa* and *Cambyſes*'s Camp, near the Walls of *Suſa*.

Prologue.

PROLOGUE.

With no small pains our Author has this day
Brought on the Stage a damn'd dull serious Play.
But what the Devil is he like to gain?
If Wits, like States, with a joynt pow'r might Reign,
A Poet's labour then were worth the while,
Could he plead Custom, and demand your smile.
But that was ne're in fashion. Poets *ought*
To write with the same Spirit Cæsar *fought:*
Indiff'rent Writers are contemn'd, for now
There grow no Lawrels for a common brow:
None but great Ben, Shakespear, *or whom this Age*
Has made their Heirs, succeed now on the Stage.
As Eagles trye their Young against the Sun;
The self-same hazard all Young Writers run:
They are accounted a false bastard Race
That are not able to look wit i'th' Face;
And therefore must expect an equal Fate,
To be disown'd as illegitimate:
Thus conscious of their weaknesses and wants,
They know their doom; as deserts to young Plants,
You no more Mercy to Young Writers show,
You damn and blast 'em e're they've time to grow.
Thus you have learnt the Turkish *Cruelty,*
When Elder Brothers Reign, the Younger dye.
But as those Turks, *when they're for Death design'd,*
This favour from their Cruel Brothers find,
Strangled by Mutes, who fitted for the Fact,
Want Tongues to speak the Cruelty they Act.
Knowing the dangers of a publick shame,
Our Rhimer hopes his Fate may be the same:
He humbly begs, if you must cruel be,
You'd make no noise when you his doom decree,
But if you damn him, damn him silently.

Cambyses.

CAMBYSES.

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Scene, a Pavilion Royal.

The Curtain drawn, is represented Cambyses *seated on a Throne; attended by* Otanes, Darius, Artaban, Prexaspes, *Guards, Slaves, and Attendants; with the Princess* Mandana, *and Ladies.*

Cambyses *descends from the Throne.*

Camb. THe trembling World has shook at my Alarms;
Asia and *Africa* have felt my Arms.
My glorious Conquests too did farther flye;
I taught th' *Egyptian* god Mortality:
By me great *Apis* fell; and now you see
They are compell'd to change their gods for me.
I have done deeds, where Heaven's high pow'r was foyl'd,
Piercing those Rocks where Thunder has been toyl'd.
Now, like our Sun, when there remains no more,
Thither return whence we set out before.

Otan. Returning thus, Great Sir, you have out-done
All other glories, which your Arms have won.

Inferiour Conquerours their Triumphs get
When they advance, but you, when you retreat.
Dar. All Worthies now muſt yield to you alone,
And diſappear, as Stars before the Sun.
Thus *Cyrus*, who all *Aſia* did defeat,
Becauſe ſo near you, does not ſeem ſo great.
Prex. Cambyſes, no: Your Honour there muſt yield:
Your Father *Cyrus's* fame has yours excell'd.
Since in one Act he did all yours out-do,
In leaving ſuch a glorious Son as you.
Camb. Though th' utmoſt bounds of Earths large frame's my right,
Where e're the Tributary Sun pays light;
Though the whole World has my great Triumph bin,
Yet ſtill I have a Conqueſt left to win;
Mandana's heart —— *Mandana*, ceaſe to mourn;
Your tears do thoſe fair eyes but ill adorn.
Mand. Theſe eyes, thus deckt in tears, become her fate
That wears e'm.
Camb. No; you muſt your griefs abate.
Tears have, like Tides, their Ebbs: And each kind flow'r,
After a ſullen Cloud, and ſtormy ſhow'r,
Looks freſh, and ſmiles at the next Sun.
Mand. ——————— That Sun
Will never ſee my Father in his Throne;
That Sun that ſaw you Triumph in his blood,
That ſaw you (who on *Ægypt's* ruines ſtood)
Deface our Temples, and their Pow'rs defie,
That lent me Chains, and gave you Victory.
As if you to ſuch want of Foes were driv'n,
When th' Earth you'd Conquer'd, to wage War with Heav'n.
Camb. Their pow'rs that made my greatneſs ſo ſublime,
Have made my Glory and ſucceſs my Crime.
Forgive me that my Conqueſt was my fault,
And what th' Impartial chance of War hath wrought.
Forget his Death, and I'le your fate retrive,
Your King and Father both in me ſhall live.
Mand. You vainly your untimely favours place;
Thus treacherous Serpents wound thoſe they embrace.
A ſudden trembling ſhoots through all my veins,
And in my breaſt his murder'd Image Reigns.

Such horror does my haunted ſoul affright,
That I muſt flye his cruel Murd'rers ſight.
You, by inſtinct, who did his death deſign,
Aſſaulting of his blood, laid ſiege to mine. [*Exit* Mand. *and Ladies.*

Camb. Ye ſubtle Pow'rs, that humane paſſions rule,
That take your private walks within my ſoul;
Whence is your Title, that this pow'r you have
Thus to degrade a Monarch to a Slave?
And yet ſuch charms from thoſe bright Circles flow,
That I muſt thank her eyes that made me ſo.

Prex. A ſudden ſound of Trumpets ſtrikes my ear
[*Trumpets heard from within.*

Artab. It ſeems the Voyce of ſome new Triumph near.

Camb. Some Herauld, or Embaſſador, or ſome
Poor petty Prince, that does a ſupplyant come
To beg his Crown. *Darius*, ſtraight inquire
From whence they come; and what 'tis they deſire.
Give e'm ſuch Entertainment as may ſhew
Cambyſes is their King, and Conquerour too. [*Exit* Dar.
What ſhouts are theſe? Ha! louder yet! Go forth, [*Shouts from within.*
And tell e'm that I will allay their mirth. [*Exit* Otanes.
Is't my good nature makes the ſlaves grow proud,
To dare to be thus Inſolent, and loud?
Loud, and ungovern'd mirth, raſh Acts performs,
Kind gales, grown turbulent, and high, are Storms.

Enter Darius, *in haſte.*

Dar. A Cloud of People does your Camp ſurround;
And their Triumphant cryes eccho this ſound,
Long live King Smerdis.

Camb. Ha! What's this I hear?

Prex. What may provoke your Sword, but not your fear.

Enter Otanes, *in haſte.*

Otan. The Tumult's loud: Their guilty Joyes do ſhew
They pay to *Smerdis* what to you they owe.

Camb. Does *Smerdis* then Usurp my Throne? My Lords,
We shall not want new Subjects for our Swords:
Though the rash Boy's ambition does not know
What dangerous height his pride has rais'd him to;
Yet I will make him know from whence he falls:
Advance my Standard then to *Susa's* Walls:
And the next Morning our bright Sun shall rise,
Ador'd with blood, and Humane sacrifice. [*Exeunt Omnes,*
[*præter* Camb. *and* Prex.

Does *Smerdis* live still, a reproach to be,
Both to my power, and thy fidelity?
Subjects the breath of Monarchs should attend,
Obeying that on which their lives depend.
The wills of Princes, who then dares dispute,
Whose Precepts, as their Crowns, are absolute?

Prex. If *Smerdis*, Sir, does any Scepter sway,
Neptune has lent him that which rules the Sea;
For there he lyes secure: there, where each Wave
May proudly pass Triumphant o're his Grave.

Camb. How then, Sir, are the dead so pow'rful grown,
To make a Resurrection to my Throne?

Prex. You know I'm Loyal, and may trust he's dead.

Camb. Thou lyest, Slave; one word more forfeits your Head.
How dare you tell me that he's dead, when I
Think it kind fortunes greatest courtesie,
That he still lives; and lives to wear my Crown?
For since the Conquer'd World's already won,
Thanks, ye kind Fates, that raise new Foes, t' afford
Fresh subjects still for my Victorious sword.
Though *Smerdis* live t' out-brave his Kings command,
'Tis but to fall by a more noble hand.
And that which does my willing sword invite,
I now shall Conquer in *Mandana's* sight.
I'le Court her with the glory of my Arms:
Conquest and War, like Beauty, have their Charms. [*Ex.*

Prex. How, not believ'd! Have I so oft, for this,
Obey'd his rage, and bloody Cruelties?
When Rapes and Murders were but common sin;
Such heats of blood have but my pastime bin.

And, in requital, I'm thus far arriv'd,
I find a Tyrants Favourite's short-liv'd.
My Death he threatens; Since he does distrust
My faith and Loyalty, it were but just,
That he should find me false who thinks me so:
Nor am I bred so tame, or born so low,
To be out-brav'd by Kings.

Enter a Messenger, who delivers a Letter to Prex.

Mess. From *Smerdis*, Sir, and trust
To find him grateful, as he finds you just.
Prex. Happy occasion. Now I may pursue
Both my Revenge, and my Ambition too. [*Aside.*

[*Opens the Letter.*

Go tell your King, I must not stop my ears,
When Monarchs thus are my Petitioners. [*Exit Mess.*
Assist him! —— [*Pausing upon the Letter.*
True. Statesmen should not regard
The Justice of the Act, but the reward.
The *Median* Crown! —— His promises are large,
And interest will greater faults discharge.
Now I will find fresh subjects for fame's wings,
To tell the World I rule the fate of Kings.
Though I can't boast of Crowns, my glory is,
That Empires by my power do fall, and rise.
Perhaps the Frantick zeal oth' World may say,
I injure Heaven, when I my King betray.
Let Fools be just, court Shrines have homage paid
To Images, those gods in Masquerade.
Religion, Loyalty, and th' aery scrowl
Of gods, are strangers to a *Scythians* soul. [*Exit.*

Scena

Scena Secunda. *The Scene continues:*

Enter Mandana, *ſola.*

Mand. And will the angry gods for ever frown?
Have I not loſt a Father, and a Crown?
But that which moſt Heaven's cruelty does ſhew,
Who ſhares my heart does ſhare my fortune too.
The hand of War more cruel wounds ne're gave;
Oſiris too is the proud Tyrant's Slave.
Could Providence this unjuſt deed deſign,
Oſiris ſhould wear any Chains —— but mine? [*She weeps.*
Our Fate the malice of our Stars does prove;
If there be any Stars that envy Love.

Enter to her, Oſiris.

Oſir. Do you remember thoſe ſtrict Vows you made,
And thoſe ſoft Charms in whiſpers you convey'd,
When I, and *Egypt* both, did happy prove,
They in their King, I in *Mandana's* Love?
Mand. I do, *Oſiris*; And remember too,
I alwayes paid my promiſes to you.
Oſir. Your Conſtancy confirms that happineſs
Which your high favour did at firſt confer:
But ſouls ſo much divine can do no leſs,
As gods are conſtant, 'cauſe they cannot erre.
This day, I hope, our Mutual Loves ſhall crown.
Mand. Yes, Sir, it ſhall, if Heaven will give us leave.
Oſir. When you, *Mandana*, ſmile, Heaven cannot frown.
Mand. No, unkind fate does your fond hopes deceive.
You know, *Oſiris*, that I made this Vow,
That, with my Love, I would my Crown beſtow.
And from her Vow *Mandana* will not ſtart:
I'le give an Empire, when I give a heart.

But

But since my Captive fate my Crown has lost,
Your hopes and mine thus equally are croſt.
To give you leſs, would ſeem too low a thing,
My heart alone's too mean an Offering.
Oſir. In this decree you do too cruel prove,
To think that Fortune can give Laws to Love.
And to your Beauty you're injurious grown;
You cannot borrow luſtre from a Crown.
No, he who in *Mandana's* Breaſt does Reign,
Is taught all meaner Empires to diſdain.
Mand. Oſiris, no, your too fond zeal miſtakes,
Love will admit no Slaves —— but what it makes,
Love by our miſeries would ſullied be,
Eclips'd, and Clouded in Captivity.
Our Fate the Crowning of our Love controuls.
Oſir. We have but Captives fortunes, not their ſouls,
Their ſouls to th' higheſt pitch of greatneſs riſe,
That can the empty frowns of Fate deſpiſe.
In our dark fortune Love will ſhine more bright:
As Diamonds borrow luſtre from the night.
Mand. No, no, you muſt your hopeleſs Love forgo,
You muſt, *Oſiris*, —— Love will have it ſo.
Oſir. And can you give what I ſhall ne're enjoy?
Can Love a Lovers happineſs deſtroy?
Mand. If e're my Stars my raviſht Crown reſtore [*She Sighs.*
Till then, expect that I can give no more.
Oſir. You are too cruel.
Mand. No, I am too kind.
This reſolution in my breaſt is ſign'd. —— } *Proffers to go out, at which*
I do command you, urge no more. } Oſiris *offers to ſpeak.*
Oſir. You may
Command my Death, you know I muſt obey.
Mand. No, my *Oſiris*, live, and live to be
More happy, then you can be made by me.
Yet from your Breaſt,
Let not *Mandana* be ſo far remov'd,
But ſtill you may remember —— that we Lov'd. [*Exit.*
Oſir. Oh, my hard fate!
She does deny me Love, yet bids me live:
Yet 'tis her kindneſs does this ſentence give.

How

How ſtrangely is my Happineſs deſtroy'd?
Her too much Love Love's ruine has decreed:
As Lamps, that ſurfeit when they're overcloy'd,
Do periſh by that Oyl on which they feed. [*Exit.*

Scena tertia. *The Scene, a Palace.*

Enter Smerdis, *and* Pataſithes, *with Guards and Attendants.*

Pat. 'Twas by Heaven's pleaſure, and our wills decreed,
To place the Crown of *Perſia* on your head.
Let dull ſucceſſive Monarchs idly wait
To be enthron'd by the ſlow hand of Fate.
And Phœnix-like, expect their riſe, and power,
Onely from th' aſhes of an Anceſtour.
You by a Nobler force have Empire gain'd,
Wreſting the Scepter from *Cambyſes* hand.
Thus on his ruine you his Throne aſcend,
And make the means as glorious, as the end.

Smerd. The Fate of Crowns depends on common chance,
Fortune and pow'r may to a Throne advance.
But to confirm that Crown our pow'r affords,
Requires our ſouls more active than our Swords.

Pat. You muſt yet Act unſeen, and veile your pow'r,
Untill your Thunder's in your hand ſecure.
Till then, Sir, you your Majeſty muſt ſhrowd,
Like Lightning, taking birth firſt from a Cloud.
Till you like that, a full-blown glory wear,
And gain at once, both reverence and fear.

Enter Theramnes.

Ther. Your Subjects joys grow loud, as is your fame;
Perſia ſpeaks nothing now, but *Smerdis* name.
And their exceſſive joys ſo high advance,
Their Piety's joyn'd with their Allegiance;
Rendring that Homage, which to Heaven is due,
Adoring leſs the riſing Sun, than you.

Smerd.

Smerd. 'Tis this muſt make my Sov'reignty compleat;
Thoſe joys that ſpeak them Loyal, ſpeak me great.
Ther. You Conq'rours have out-done: your name affords
The ſubject of more Trophies, then their ſwords.
Great *Cyrus* glories muſt ſubmit to you;
He Conquer'd Nations, you their hearts ſubdue.
Smerd. This is but half a Conqueſt; who defends
A Crown, conquers his Foes, as well as Friends.
And now our cauſe for ſpeedy action calls;
Cambyſes is in ſight of *Suſa's* Walls.
Go then, *Theramnes*, muſter all our Force;
Our *Syrian* Infantry, and *Perſian* Horſe.
Prepare ſuch ſtrength, that it may be expreſt
That we can conquer, if he dare reſiſt.
Ther. I do not Conqueſt doubt: whilſt Monarchs are
Themſelves above plac'd in a higher ſphear;
You, like the Heav'ns, your ſacred pow'rs diſpenſe,
You'll give us Conqueſt by your Influence. [*Exit.*
Smerd. See how the fond deluded World miſtakes,
And what falſe light my borrow'd glory makes:
Yet ſuch as dazles *Perſia*. This diſguiſe
Has rais'd ſo thick a miſt before their eyes;
That my beſt Friends, *Theramnes*, and the croud
Of wondring Subjects, all are in one Cloud;
And their miſtaken Faiths ſo far advance;
That they ſeem Rivals in Allegiance.
Like their Devotion who the gods implore,
Men firſt believe, and then they do adore.
Pat. Thus Kings and Beauty in this Title ſhare,
'Tis the adorers eye makes Beauty fair.
The *Perſians* thus by their Allegiance ſhow,
You're the true Prince, if they but think you ſo.
Smerd. I by ſuch Arts do the Worlds Empire ſway,
As the Worlds frame does Natures Laws obey;
Mov'd by a Cauſe admir'd, but never known.
Secrets of State and Heav'n agree in One.
Thus I, and thus the gods themſelves diſguiſe
Their high'ſt deſigns in darkeſt Myſteries. [*Exeunt.*

Scena quarta. *The Scene continues:*

Enter Phedima, *and* Orinda.

Orind. Love in my breaſt ſhould with ſlow progreſs move,
Were there no other intereſt in Love.
Phed. Why, what more can there be?
Orind. ——— Yes, I would have
My Beauties Captive be my Honours ſlave.
Brave Conq'rours ſcorn the prize they win, whilſt they
Aim onely at the fame of Victory.
But your too humble Love takes a low flight,
When you thus dote upon a Favourite:
Can your *Darius* ———
Phed. ——— Can *Darius* ſeem
Unworthy then of *Phedima's* eſteem?
'Twere Impious to wiſh my paſſion leſs:
His merits, not my Love, have their exceſs.
Orind. Love, like a pleaſant Dream, diſturb'd or croſt,
The fancy wakes, and then the pleaſure's loſt.
My preſence then will but injurious prove, [*Scornfully.*
Silence and privacy are fit —— for Love. [*Exit.*
Phed. And can ſhe be ſo cruel, to reprove
Her heart which to *Darius* does incline?
Whom all the World can do leſs than Love,
At leaſt, if I may judge all hearts by mine.

Enter Smerdis, *who having a while gaz'd upon her, advances to her; ſhe ſeeing him, draws her Veile over her Face.*

Smerd. Madam, too late you do my ſight deprive,
What's in a moment born, an Age may live.
This makes you think (that ſince your pow'r is ſuch)
Where an aſſault has won, a ſiege too much.
Having th' aſſurance of your Conqueſt found,
You hide the Weapon now you've given the wound.

Enter

Enter Patasithes, *unseen.*

Pat. Ha! this strange language does mysterious sound;
It is a Riddle which I can't expound.
Smerd. Yet you must pity those chaste flames you raise,
The gods themselves smile on their Votaries.
And yet the Heav'ns, when they vouchsafe to smile,
Suffer no Clouds to interpose the while.
But your injurious Veile permits no glance
Should my fond hopes with the least glimpse advance.
Phed. Stranger, what means this language, and how dares
Your ill-bred confidence assault my ears?
This boldness merits more than my disdain
And frowns can punish.
Smerd. ——— Yet your self restrain
The Pow'r of both, whilst you thus Veil'd, confute
That punishment your frowns should execute.
The fiercest Lightning never wounds, when thus
A Veile of Clouds is drawn 'twixt that and us. [*Unveiles her.*
Phed. A *Persian* Ladies honour is profan'd,
Who bears this usage from an unknown hand.
What frenzy has possest your soul?
Smerd. ——— Your eyes
Do ill to make my heart their sacrifice;
And then condemn him who does offer it.
Phed. My scorn's too little, where th' affronts so great. [*Proffers to go.*
Smerd. Hold, cruel fair, and your just anger stay,
With such repentance I'le my fault repay:
That I will shew my Love is so sublime,
That it can expiate a Lovers Crime. ———
Pat. Ha! how does his distracted fancy rove,
Prefer'd to Empire, to submit to Love! [*Aside.*
Smerd. —— I prest too far, I must confess, yet though
Your coyness threatned, it invited too.
Thus curious, we int' angry Comets pry,
Which but, at best, threaten ill destiny:
When our inquiry does not reach so far,
To know the aspect of a milder Star.

Pat. Th' Infection ſpreads. No longer I endure
To ſee that which I muſt prevent, or cure.
Love, like the ſtars that rule't, ſhould active move,
You are too idle, Sir, to be in Love. [*To* Smerd.
Come, Sir, ſhe's yours.

Phed. Ye gods!

Smerd. ——— Hold, Sir, you wrong ———

Pat. I only tell you, that you talk too long.
Lovers ſhould not ſuch tedious treaties hold,
Love is a thing that's ſooner done, than told.
But you miſtake; Love takes a Nobler courſe,
Conqueſts are not by parley won, but force.
Here, take her then. [*Thruſts her rudely to* Smerd.

Phed. Defend me, Heavens.

Smerd. ——————— Raſh Man,
Hold your rude hands; you all that's good profane.

Phed. Audacious ——— [*To* Pat.
——— Oh, I underſtand you now: [*To* Smerd.
Have you Confed'rates and Aſſiſtants too?
How dares your ſalvage fury grow ſo rude,
To force that Virtue which you can't delude?

Smerd. Diſpell your fears, your Virtue is ſecure,
Since your protection is in your own pow'r:
Thus doubly guarded, by the pow'rs of Heav'n,
And by thoſe pow'rs Heav'n to your charms has giv'n.

Phed. No, Raviſhers; no more this language uſe,
The ſucceſs failing, you the guilt excuſe.
Your ſting-leſs fury wants the pow'r to hurt,
You know you are within the *Perſian* Court:
Your Violence choſe an improper ſtage:
This ſanctuary guards me from your rage. [*Exit.*

Pat. See with what courage ſhe her cauſe protects;
You but the King, but ſhe the Tyrant Acts.
But ſhe derives her pow'r from your tame fears:
She knows that Lovers dare not give offence:
Thus fear makes gods; who deify'd the ſtars,
But onely thoſe who fear'd their Influence?
If you then Lov'd, why did you not enjoy?
Can a Kings Modeſty his hopes deſtroy?

Smerd.

Smerd. Such baſe and unjuſt deeds would but proclaim
Me an Impoſtor greater than I am.
Pat. 'Tis Kings make Juſtice, and not Juſtice Kings,
And in that name you may Act greater things,
And ſtill be juſt. The *Perſian* King's deſign
No Woman more than for a Concubine.
And in that onely name ſhe ſhould not have
The Courtſhip of a Miſtreſs, but a Slave.
You then ſhould force her whom you could not move.
Smerd. Force may ſupport my Empire, not my Love.
Beauty, like Majeſty, is ſacred too:
And muſt it then be thus profan'd by you?
Pat. Your thoughts and paſſions are too humble grown,
You do forget you're ſeated on a Throne. [*Exit.*
Smerd. Can *Pataſithes* ſo inhumane prove?
He gave me Empire, but deſtroys my Love.
This is that *Phedima* I've ſeen before;
What I then but admir'd, I now adore.
My privacy my paſſion then confin'd;
A flame too noble for ſo low a mind.
Now nothing my Love's freedom can controul;
My Empire's limits do enlarge my ſoul. [*Exit.*

Scena quinta. *Scene continues:*

Enter Theramnes, *and* Phedima.

Phed. Their rudeneſs was ſo great ——
Ther. —— And do they live?
Not you nor Heav'n can this offence forgive.
Againſt you there can be no venial Crimes:
Your anger ought to kill where it condemns,
And I'le be th' Executioner. But teach
Me where I may thoſe rude offenders reach:
And I will force their guilty blood to more
Than bluſh for their bold Crime.
Phed. —— That cannot be;
For they are men I never ſaw before,
Strangers alike to Honour, and to me.
Ther. Do but deſcribe e'm then, and you ſhall ſee,

To

To find e'm my revenge ſhall, in your name,
Quick-ey'd as Envy be, and ſwift as Fame.
Phed. By all I can deſcribe I underſtood,
Their Virtues are inferiour to their blood.
By th' Habit which they wore they ſeem'd to be
Some of the *Perſian* chief Nobility.
Ther. My Int'reſt in the *Perſian* Court ſhall ſhew
How much my zeal in your juſt cauſe can do:
To find thoſe Raviſhers ſuch ſearch I'le make,
That in their very eyes their guilt I'le track:
I on my honour vow I'le uſe ſuch Arts,
Who e're they are, to reach their guilty Hearts. [*Exit.*
Phed. Theramnes, ſtay —— Alas, he's gon too far.
How fierce and ſwift the wings of Honour are!
I fear that he will ſome raſh Act perform,
Hurried like waves that ſwell into a ſtorm.
And yet his zeal I cannot but approve:
Friendſhip a ſecond Rival is to Love.

Finis Act. primi.

Actus Secundus. Scena prima. *Scene continues:*

Enter Smerdis.

Smerd. LEt Heav'n whatever Fate for me deſign,
'Tis *Smerdis* muſt make *Smerdis* glory ſhine.
My ſtars can but their utmoſt pow'rs diſpenſe:
But I'le Act things above their influence.

Enter to him, Theramnes *penſively, not ſeeing* Smerdis.

Ther. It muſt be done. I'm bound by Honours Laws,
And more, 'tis in *Orinda's* Siſters cauſe.
I want not courage, and I dangers ſcorn:
Yet on mine Honour ſuch an Oath I've ſworn,
That I want power to perform my Vow. } *Aſide.*
Smerd. What ſerious thought ſits on *Theramnes* brow?

Come

Come, in your looks ſome great deſign I reade:
Or ſome requeſt for which your eyes do plead.
Name it, it ſhall be done.
Nothing ſhall make me from my promiſe ſhrink,
For I dare Act whatever you dare think.
Ther. You cannot Act that kindneſs which I want.
Smerd. You cannot ask that which I cannot grant
At your requeſt.
Ther. ——— Sir, in a Ladies cauſe
I am engag'd by Honours ſacred Laws,
In her Revenge to Act a Champions part,
To right her wrongs on her Offender's heart.
But I ſhall be as blind in my purſuit,
As is that Juſtice I would Execute.
Nor can your pow'r, where th' Objects are unknown,
Direct my hand, nor reach them with your own.
Smerd. *Theramnes*, you a Prince's pow'r miſtake,
Monarchs the ſecrets of the skyes can track,
And ſearch Heav'ns counſels; how then can mankind
Act in a Cloud that which we cannot find?
I'le find them if they live. —— But, Sir, her name
Who does this Juſtice, and your courage claim;
The time, the place where they did Act their Crime?
Ther. The Scene it was your Palace, Sir, the time
This Morning, and her name is *Phedima*.
Smerd. That onely name does all my ſpirits awe. [*Aſide.*
Then as I promis'd in your cauſe I joyn:
Theramnes, draw your Sword, as I draw mine. [*Draws.*
To give the blow I will direct you where;
And that you may not miſs his Heart —— ſtrike here. [*Points to his Breaſt.*
That you more boldly may her cauſe defend,
Know her Offender is your King and Friend.
What, does your courage ſhake, and muſt you pauſe
When Honour calls you in a Ladies cauſe?
Or is't your fear that does reſiſt your Vow?
Ther. Though Vows are ſacred, ſo are Monarchs too.
'Tis not, Great Sir, the want of Courage ſtays
My hand, 'tis Reverence o're my Valour ſways.
Theramnes dares not think, much leſs act that
Which the moſt ſalvage Lyons tremble at.

For

For Lyons dare not 'gainſt their Prince Rebel.
They want the pow'r to hurt, and I the will.
Smerd. Theſe ſlight excuſes are too weak: you muſt
Perform your Vow, or be proclaim'd unjuſt.
Ther. A ſtronger tye that promiſe does remit,
And I am now more juſt in breaking it;
No tyes of Honour ever yet could be
So ſtrong, as the ſtrict bonds of Loyalty.
Smerd. Then on your Loyalty I command you do
What Honour and your Vow has bound you to.
Ther. And can you give ſo cruel a Command?
'Tis Death againſt my King to lift my Hand.
Smerd. And what is worſe, 'tis Death to diſobey.
Ther. But dying thus I dye the nobler way.
Theramnes dares not ſtrike, but he dares dye
When you will have it ſo.
Smerd. ——————— My Cruelty
You do miſtake. *Theramnes*, you ſhall live:
For that which I command, I can forgive.
Ther. But you command what Heav'n cannot permit.
Smerd. The wills of Kings and Heav'n together meet.
You've made a Vow to reach my heart, and Heav'n
To that great act it's free conſent has giv'n.
Your friendſhip, not your ſword ſhall act that part,
For you unarm'd, *Theramnes*, reach my Heart. [*Embraces him.*
Ther. Your favours are advanc'd to that vaſt height,
I fear that I ſhall ſink under the weight.
Smerd. Sir, ſince you are engag'd by Honours Laws,
To perform Juſtice in this Ladies Cauſe;
Go uſe all Arts and Arguments to bring
Her to the preſence of the *Perſian* King.
Inform her that He knows thoſe Raviſhers,
And that their Inſolence has reach'd his ears.
Since Juſtice to the right of Kings belongs,
Tell her He ſhall be proud to right her wrongs;
And, as their Judge, do Juſtice in defence
Of Beauty, and of injur'd innocence.
Ther. I go.
Smerd. —— And with ſucceſs return, and may
Thoſe Stars that govern Love direct your way. [*Exit* Theramnes.

This

This gen'rous conteſt gave me means to try
Theramnes's Friendſhip, and his Loyalty.
And happily I have contriv'd t' obtain
The ſight of my fair Conqu'rour once again.
But oh, I can but think how I muſt now
Be both the Judge, and the Offender too.
But though I juſtly then deſerv'd her frown,
Becauſe ſhe did not know I wore a Crown:
Now I more Nobly will her paſſion move,
I'le make my Crown an Agent for my Love.
If ſhe eſteem her heart a gift too great,
I then will purchaſe what I can't intreat.

Enter to him, Prexaſpes *in diſguiſe, lead in by the Guards.*

Capt. of the Guards. This Fellow, Sir, we in the Palace ſaw;
And that which we from his deportment draw,
His too ſuſpicious looks, and garb deſcry
A guilty fear, the mask of Treachery.
Smerd. Audacious Rebel, Slave, what bold deſign ——
Prex. Sir, my deſign is juſt.
Smerd. ———— And ſo is mine.
And of my Juſtice thus I'le give you proof:
See inſtantly the Traytor's Head ſtruck off. [*To the Guards.*

Enter Patafithes.

Prex. T' expreſs that I dare dye for you, that breath
That rules *Prexaſpes* life, may give him death. [*Undiſguiſes himſelf.*
Smerd. Prexaſpes!
Pat. Ha! *Prexaſpes!*
Smerd. ———— Fatal chance!
Your care has witneſt your Allegiance. [*To the Guards.*
Withdraw. [*Exeunt Guards.*
Dear Friend, your doom is chang'd, and now
I muſt condemn my guilty ſelf, not you. [*Embraces him.*
Prex. In this diſguiſe I from the Camp am come,
To tell you I have ſeal'd *Cambyſes* doom.
Lead by my Counſel, Sir, he does deſign
A three dayes Truce before the ſiege begin.

To which you must consent. ——
Things must appear as smooth as calmest Seas;
And *Susa* wear the flatt'ring smiles of peace.
Pat. Monarchs and Statesmen have these mutual tyes,
They by each other do advance, and rise. [*whilst he speaks, they whisper.*
Prex. I'le gain you entrance.
Smerd. ——— Well, I do consent.
Prex. Your being unknown all dangers will prevent:
The Tyrants life shall with his Empire end.
Smerd. A Monarch's Patron, and an Empire's Friend. [*Exeunt.*

Scene continues:

Enter Theramnes, *and* Phedima.

Ther. And Madam, that you might see Justice done,
I promis'd to conduct you to his Throne.
But pardon me, if I have gone too far,
When honour and my Friendship makes me erre.
Phed. Honour and Friendship too have their excess;
But since I may my Innocence express,
And in their Justice my revenge pursue,
Theramnes, I submit to follow you. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

The Scene open'd, appears Smerdis *seated on a Throne, attended by Guards, and other Attendants.*

Enter again, Theramnes, *and* Phedima.

Ther. He to their tryal will th' Offenders bring ——
Look there, and see your Judge, the *Persian* King.
Phed. Sure you mistake the Throne, or I the Prince.
Ther. His Majesty that error will convince. [*Exit.*
Smerd. Fair Excellence, [*Steps from the Throne.*
'Tis true, the name of Prince I changed have
For that more glorious Title of your Slave. ——
But I recall that breath —— I should transgress
Against your Beauty, were my greatness less.

He

He must be more than Prince, and Monarch too,
That so great Beauty dares adore as you.
Hence 'tis your Royal Lover, *Persia's* King
Presumes to make his heart your Offering.
The Noblest Present that his Love can make,
And yet the lowest you can stoop to take.
Phed. The *Persian* Monarch's Love! Now I'le proclaim
My Constancy to my *Darius's* flame.
My courage in this cause shall act such things,
I'le prove my Faith by my disdain of Kings.
I'le treat him so, that Fame shall witness be,
None ever Lov'd, or ever scorn'd like me. [*Aside.*
Are you the Judge to prosecute the Laws
Of Justice in those bold Offenders cause?
Why then, kind Judge, do you forsake your Throne,
E're you've the Tryal heard, or Justice done?
Smerd. Your bold Offender does repent his Fact,
And I but ill his Judge's part could Act.
To beg his pardon I resign my seat,
From being his Judge to be his Advocate.
Phed. But lest his Crime should want a just Revenge,
As you change yours, I will my Office change,
From his Accuser to his Judge; whilst I,
To Act your Justice, will your seat supply. [*Steps into the Throne.*

Enter Patasithes, *unseen.*

For since he Loves, I'le use a Mistress's pow'r,
With all the rigour of a Conquerour.
Pat. Ha! what strange Interlude must here be shown?
A Woman seated on the *Persian* Throne! [*Aside.*
Phed. This diff'rence Kings with common Captives have;
Onely the Title of a Royal Slave.
And how can Beauty rule a Nobler way,
Then to command thus —— whilst their Slaves obey.
Pat. 'Tis she; I'le stop —— But stay, I'le use no force.
I'le check her pride by a more subtle course. [*Aside.*
Phed. Although you Monarchs are exempt from Laws,
As wanting higher Pow'rs to Judge your cause:

Yet that you, *Smerdis*, may have Juſtice done,
Since you want Laws, I'le Judge you by my own.
Smerdis, what can you ſay in the defence
Of your late rude, and ſalvage violence;
When, Raviſher, your guilt ſo high was grown,
T'attempt my Virtue, and to blaſt your own?
Smerd You know I was not Author of that Fact:
Honour nor Love durſt ne're ſuch ſtains contract.
For they Heav'ns favour would but ill implore,
Who firſt prophane the Deity they adore.
Phed. Honour and Love are but reſpective things;
Greater or leſs in Subjects or in Kings.
In which if Kings tranſgreſs, the more ſublime
Their greatneſs is, the greater is their Crime.
And though you're now transform'd into a Prince,
That Title does but heighten your offence.
Smerd. Such Beauty does ſo well become the Throne,
Be pleas'd, fair Judge, t'accept it as your own.
Where you ſhall Reign in glory, and give Law
To him that wears the Crown of *Perſia*.
Phed. I ſcorn your Throne, and him that proffers it:
My pow'rs too great, an equal to admit. [*Deſcends from the Throne.*
No, *Smerdis*, *Phedima* is not ſo low
As to deſcend unto a Throne, and You.
Two lights together cannot equal ſhine,
Mine will Eclipſe your glory, or yours mine.
And 'twould a leſſer Honour be, to have
A King my Equal, than a King my Slave. [*Exit, and after her,* Smerdis.
Pat. Is Love an object for his mind which ſhou'd
Be now imploy'd with thoughts of War, and Blood.
Cambyſes now may his revenge purſue,
And eas'ly conquer, where Love can ſubdue.
Love does debaſe all Courage, and he is,
Like tame Beaſts, onely fit for Sacrifice.
But I'le invent a Cure. [*Studies.*
——————————— Well, I'le remove
Her ſafe enough both from his pow'r, and Love.
Love is a Paſſion for luxurious peace,
When idleneſs indulges the diſeaſe,

But not for Active souls. I've found the way
To turn that current which I cannot stay. [*Exit.*

Scena tertia. *Scene, the Palace.*

Enter Smerdis, *with a Letter.*

Smerd. He that so well a King can counterfeit,
Should scorn to stick at any smaller cheat.
From his own Copies too I have so near
Pursu'd *Theramnes* Hand, and Character,
That the most curious, nay, *Theramnes*'s eye,
Did he but see't, could scarce the cheat descry.
Well, it must take. I shall so happy prove,
Both to find out, and to confound their Love.

Enter Theramnes, *who seeing* Smerdis, *offers to withdraw.*

Theramnes, stay.

Ther. ——————— I fear I am too rude.

Smerd. *Theramnes*, no, a Friend cannot intrude.

Ther. But I have prest into your privacies.

Smerd. Friendship above all private business is;
Unless it be the high concerns of Love,
And Honour. But there we two equal prove
Rivals in both.

Ther. What means my King?

Smerd. ——————————— I mean
Onely one Beauty o're us both does Reign.

Ther. No, you whose Empire's greatness is above
All Rivals, should admit none in your Love.
And think you that my confidence aspires
To Court that Beauty which my King admires.

Smerd. Think you I can believe you never saw
The eyes and charms of the fair *Phedima*.
Or can you utter so prophane a word,
To say she can be seen and not ador'd?

Ther. Love, like Religion, never chose one way:
That all should to one object homage pay.

The Sun does to the World his sight afford,
But by the *Persians* onely is ador'd.
Smerd. Because the rest oth' World are ignorant,
And do the knowledg of his God-head want.
But you who know how great Divinity
In *Phedima's* most sacred breast does lye,
Can't but adore her.
Ther. ——————— Yes, I can do more:
I am beyond her Beauties charms, and pow'r.
In this one glory I out-rival you;
Those eyes which did the *Persian* King subdue,
Their pow'rs too weak to Captivate my heart.
Smerd. His Love's too strong to be compell'd by Art,
Or forc'd to a Confession. [*Aside.*
——————————— 'Twas th' excess
Of passion made my jealousie transgress.
But now I'm satisfy'd. That I may prove
I don't suspect your Loyalty, nor Love,
I will intrust this Letter to your care,
But you must first on your Allegiance swear.
Ther. I swear. And in obedience to your will,
Whatever you command I will fulfill,
That to a Subjects care you dare intrust:
Since your commands can be no less than just.
Smerd. Present that Letter then to *Phedima.*
And if she chance to ask by whom 'twas writ,
Beware you do not tell her, but withdraw,
Lest that she should refuse the reading it.
Then carefully forbear to visit her
Untill such time that she an answer sends;
For by that means I shall my suit prefer;
And you will thus oblige your best of Friends.
And then, Sir, whatsoe're her answer be,
(For through your hands 'twill come) present it me. } *Exit* Theramnes *with*
Though he so resolutely did maintain } *the Letter.*
He did not Love, their Love is but too plain;
How could she else such cruelty have shown
To him who with his Love proffer'd his Throne?
Her passion has some more than common tye,
When proffer'd Crowns can't shake her constancy.

And

And that *Theramnes* is the Object too,
What was it elſe made him ſo raſhly Vow,
When he but late Acted her Champions part,
To right her wrongs on her Offenders heart.
When the ſlight wrongs could onely cauſe afford
For a Womans anger, and a Lovers Sword.
But yet this Letter will my doubts remove.
I ſhall diſcover their intrigues of Love.
If ſo ——
By treach'rous ſmiles I will his ruine Act,
As ſtranded Veſſels in a calm are Wrackt.

[*Exit.*

Scena quarta. *Scene, a Chamber.*

Enter Phedima, *and* Orinda, *with* Atoſſa, Auretta, *and other waiting Ladies.*

Orind. Siſter, you are ſo fortunate, to have
The *Perſian* Monarch for your Beauty's Slave!
Phed. No, in my Love Ambition has no part.
Monarchs may rule an Empire, not a heart.
Whilſt my *Darius* lodges here, my breaſt
Too narrow is for any other gueſt.
May *Smerdis* ſtill the *Perſian* Scepter bear,
And may he ſtill Reign ev'ry where —— but here.

[*Points to her Breaſt.*

Orind. Does then your Breaſt no other thoughts produce?
Love, like Wars Combats, ſhould admit ſome truce.
Your pardon, Siſter, if ſo bold I prove
To tell you what *Orinda* thinks of Love.
Atoſſa, ſing the Song I taught you.

Atoſſa *ſings.*

She that with Love is not poſſeſt,
Has not for that the harder heart:
I think the ſofter, and more tender breaſt,
would dull, would dull, would dull, and damp the dart.

Away with melancholy fits,
whoſe ſtrange effect our eyes diſarms,
Depoſes Beauty, and diſtracts our wits,
Whilſt we grow pale, grow pale, and loſe our charms.

Love

Love does against it self conspire;
Such languishing desires imparts,
That quench the fuel, yet preserve the fire,
Clouding those eyes, those eyes, whence Love takes darts.

Enter Theramnes, *with a Letter.*

Ther. This Letter your perusal asks.
Phed. ——————— From whom
Do you, *Theramnes*, in Embassage come?
Ther. My message, Madam, you will find writ there,
Both in the Subject, and the Character. [*Exit.*
[Phedima *opens the Letter, and reads to her self, and seems disorder'd.*
Orind. What strange disorders in her looks arise?
How she casts darts of fury from her eyes?
Phed. Shame and confusion has so fill'd my breast,
That I want patience to reade out the rest.
Sister, do you proceed, look, and see there,
What you will blush to reade, and I to hear.

Orinda *reades the Letter.*

Theramnes, *to the Constant* Phedima.

SInce our mutual Vows of Love have rais'd me to a pitch above hope or fear, to such an assurance of your affection, that I find the greatest Monarch in the World cannot supplant me in your esteem, nor raise his Love on the ruines of mine; You then, who have given my passion life, have given it also confidence to request the speedy crowning of our desires, to avoid the trouble of more numerous Rivals, which your Beauty cannot but daily add to your former Conquests. But since the immediate service of my King will not permit me as yet to wait upon you, be pleas'd to send me an Answer, but such an one (as I doubt not but you will) as shall proclaim me, as I am, your most faithful, so your most happy adorer, Theramnes.

Phed. Proud Traytor to my Honour and his own:
His confidence swells to a height unknown,
To dare ————
Orind. Why? Sister, Lovers dare do more.
Phed. Lovers! why? did he ever speak before?

Or

Or utter the leaſt ſyllable, or word,
T' expreſs I was the object he ador'd?
Contracts, and promiſes, which I have giv'n?
Perfidious Lyar both to Me and Heav'n!
Orind. But perhaps he your kindneſs has miſtook;
For Lovers track their Fates in ev'ry look
Their Ladies do impart; and ev'ry glance
Does to an unknown height their hopes advance.
The Languages of Ladies ſmiles ſuffice
For Lovers to reade contracts in their eyes.
Did you ne're ſmile, or ſome kind favours ſhow?
Phed. Yes, what my Friendſhip did oblige me to.
But could his proud thoughts ſo ambitious prove,
To dare to think my Friendſhip was my Love?
No, Traytor, no. *Theramnes*, you ſhall find,
Chooſing a Miſtreſs, you have loſt a Friend.
But that which my diſdain and anger moves,
Is not ſo much becauſe *Theramnes* Loves:
Th' effects of Beauty Beauty can forgive:
And we can pity thoſe we can't relieve.
But that which merits my juſt ſcorn, is this;
That he ſhould think my Conqueſt eaſie is.
Whilſt in this Letter which you now have read,
He does for Triumph, not for Conqueſt plead.
As if a Ladies breaſt no courage held;
But our tame ſouls were onely taught to yield.
Orind. Your furious anger too much freedom finds,
Silence becomes the paſſions of great minds.
Phed. Siſter, I've done. *Auretta*, go and burn
This Letter. Thus I'le Triumph in my ſcorn.
Auretta. Condemn'd to th' fire! That Sentence which you give, [*Aſide.*
Too cruel is, I'le grant it a reprieve. [*Exit* Auretta, *with the Letter.*
Phed. But ſeeing he an anſwer does require,
I'le be ſo kind, I'le grant him his deſire:
But ſuch an anſwer as ſhall make it known
I underſtand his merits, and my own. [*Exeunt.*

Scena quinta. *Scene, a Pavilion Royal.*

Enter Cambyſes, *and* Prexaſpes.

Camb. —— Enough —— I am convinc'd of *Smerdis* Fate.
'Tis well my blood does not diſturb my State.
How ſits the Cloud upon *Mandana's* brow?
Prex. She does no time but to her tears allow.
Camb. Marble ſheds tears, but cannot ſofter grow:
Her heart's ſtill hard, and ever will be ſo.
You ſaid you for her griefs a cure deſign'd.
Prex. Sir, to divert theſe troubles from her mind,
I have deſign'd, after a Martial dance,
A maſque of Captive Princes ſhall advance,
Adorn'd with Chains, and Coronets of gold:
Seated upon whoſe necks you ſhall behold
A Prince Triumphant, deckt with Martial ſpoyls,
Amidſt your Trophies, and great *Cyrus* toyls.
Hid in the Trophies of this Pageant King
An Eagle on the ſudden ſhall take wing,
A Crown fixt to her Talons. As ſhe flyes,
And hov'ring mounts ſtill nearer to the Skyes;
When at the utmoſt height ſhe finds her Chain
Does her intended Liberty reſtrain;
Her Fetters ſhall her tow'ring flight recall,
Forc'd down, ſhe at *Mandana's* feet ſhall fall,
And there depoſe her Crown.
Camb. —————— Conduct her in,
And let this glorious Scene of Love begin. [*Exit* Prex.
Thus I'le deſcribe my paſſion. Love ſounds beſt,
Like Oracles in Myſteries expreſt.

Enter Prexaſpes *and* Mandana. *The King and* Mandana *ſeated, a Martial Dance is perform'd; the Dance ended, the Scene opens, and the Maſque is repreſented; at which* Mandana *riſes, and offers to go out: at which* Cambyſes *follows her, and the Scene ſhuts.*

Camb. Stay, cruel Princeſs, ſtay. Are your fair eyes
Afraid to look on their own Victories?

Or

Or, are you ſtartl'd at your own great pow'r,
To ſee your Slave in the Worlds Conquerour?
Who from your influence does his greatneſs take,
And Conquers onely for *Mandana's* ſake.

Mand. O Fatal Beauty! was't *Mandana's* eyes
That made you win her Crown, and Sacrifice
Her Fathers blood?

Camb. ——— Your loſſes I'le reſtore,
With Crowns more bright than *Amaſis* e're wore.

Mand. No, Tyrant know, my ſoul's not ſunk ſo far,
To ſtoop to my great Fathers Murderer.
Have I my ſelf no better underſtood,
Then thus to found my greatneſs on his blood?
Your proffer'd Crowns cannot my thoughts controul,
You have ſubdu'd my Empire, not my ſoul.

Camb. Madam, how dare you thus provoke his hate
Who's the diſpoſer of your Crown, and Fate?

Mand. Ay, Sir, you of my Life and Throne diſpoſe;
And thoſe are trifles I could wiſh to loſe.
But know, proud King, my Virtue I'le ſecure:
My Honour is above a Tyrant's pow'r. [*Exit.*

Camb. Captive, farewel. Since you ſo ſtubborn prove,
I will take care you ſhall be taught to Love.
A guſt of paſſion has uncalm'd my ſoul;
My blood does with a livelier motion roul.
A fierce aſſault my drowſie ſoul does ſtorm;
And bids my Love wear a more manly form.
My Reaſon now ſhall my blind paſſion guide;
I'le be a Vaſſal to her Eyes, not Pride.
Since then my mildneſs could not win a ſmile,
I'le learn to court her in a rougher ſtile.

Enter Otanes, Darius, *and* Artaban.

My lab'ring thoughts muſt now make truce. My Lords,
Will there be an imployment for our Swords?
How ſtrong's their Garriſon, how great their Force?

Otan. Their number, Sir, is fifty thouſand Horſe:
And twice that number is their Infantrie.

Camb. Then they are fit to be o'recome by me.

You then muſt know from whence this War does ſpring,
And who would be my Brother, and your King.
Dar. Who, but your Brother, durſt your ſeat ſupply?
A baſer blood could ne're have thoughts ſo high.
Camb. You are miſtaken, Sir, he wears no Crown,
Unleſs that ſome kind god has lent him one.
Smerdis is dead.
Otan. ——— How dead? And by whoſe hand?
Camb. It was by his, and 'twas by my command. [*Points to* Prex.
Otan. Then the War's done; you've rob'd us of our Foe.
Camb. Ay, Sir, of him I rob'd you long ago:
'Tis not my Brother that does wear my Crown.
Artab. Your Brother dead, yet *Smerdis* in your Throne?
Dar. Who then is he dares that high Title claim,
Uſurping both your Empire, and his name?
Camb. Falſe *Pataſithes*, whom I rais'd above
Either my Subjects Envy, or their Love,
Has in requital rob'd me of that Throne
Under whoſe luſtre he ſo bright was grown.
Thus the Moons kindneſs does the Suns requite,
Eclipſing him from whom ſhe takes her light.
His Kinſman *Smerdis* he does ſubtly bring
To repreſent my Brother, and your King.

Enter to them, Smerdis, *diſguis'd.*

What's he that to our Preſence does intrude?
Smerd. Sir, 'tis my Loyalty that makes me rude.
Prex. 'Tis he, Great Sir, who in our cauſe does joyn,
The chiefeſt Agent in our Grand deſign.
Camb. And do you know that *Smerdis*, Sir, that wou'd
Lay claim both to my Empire, and my blood?
Smerd. Dread Sir, to me he is ſo near ally'd,
He from my breaſt cannot his ſecrets hide.
Camb. But are you ſure he is your truſty Friend? [*To* Prex.
Prex. As ſure as all the tyes on Earth can bind.
Smerd. On this, great King, we've founded our deſign;
The charge of *Suſa's* Weſtern Gate is mine.
And that which to our ſafety does conduce,
You know the conſ'quence of a lazy Truce.

Truces

Truces which ſeem but Martial Maſques, and are
The Crimes of Peace dreſt in the garb of War.
Know then, during this Truce, his Forces be
Arm'd onely for their eaſe and Luxurie.
You then this Night ſhall with your Army wait;
I'le give you entrance at the Weſtern Gate.
Then on the Eaſt I'le give a falſe Alarm,
That e're his Party ſhall have time to Arm,
You ſhall have forc'd your Paſſage, won the Town,
Seiz'd the Uſurper, and regain'd your Crown.

Camb. Well, I'le this Night, advancing in their head,
To *Suſa* my Triumphant Forces lead:
None but my Sword my quarrel ſhould decide.

Dar. Conqueſt and you, Sir, ever were ally'd.
But, Sir, the breach of Truce a ſtain will be
To the bright glory of your Victory:
'Twill an Eclipſe to your great Fame produce.

Camb. Why, Sir, was it not I that made the Truce?

Dar. It was.

Camb. Then what I made I may deſtroy:
In this deſign you muſt your Swords imploy.

Dar. When you command, the cauſe we do not weigh.
You've taught our Swords to Conquer, and obey.

Camb. See that our entrance be with care prepar'd. [*To* Smerd.
We ſhall not want ſucceſs, nor you reward.

[*Exit* Cambyſes, Otanes, Datius, *and* Artaban.

Smerd. Nought but his death ſhall for reward ſuffice;
For when he enters *Suſa's* Walls, he dyes.
'Tis the laſt Conqueſt that his Sword ſhall have,
To win that ground on which he makes his Grave.
Brave Friend.

Prex. His death ſhall make our Friendſhip good:
No tyes ſo ſtrong as what are writ in blood. [*Exeunt.*

Finis Act. ſecundi.

Actus

Actus tertius. Scena prima. *Scene, The Palace:*

Enter Smerdis, Pataſithes, *and Captain of the Guards.*

Capt. THe Guards are ſet, the Ambuſcado laid.
Pat. All preparations for the deed are made.
Smerd. You know your charge in this deſign, go wait,
And give him entrance at the Weſtern Gate. [*Exeunt* Pataſithes, *and Capt.*

Enter Theramnes, *with a Letter.*

Ther. Great Sir, your Royal pleaſure is obey'd:
Your Letter I with my own hand convey'd.
And this, I gueſs, her anſwer does declare:
For though it does no ſuperſcription bear,
From hence 'tis yours I do the more preſume,
Your Titles being too large for ſo ſmall room.
Smerd. Yes, they are large ———
When they beyond the name of King extend,
To that more glorious Title of your Friend. [*Embraces him.*
You know your charge, Sir, in this Nights deſign.
Ther. Rivals in Empire can't together ſhine.
This Night *Cambyſes* dyes. Whilſt *Smerdis* is
Crown'd for our King, he for our Sacrifice. [*Exit.*
Smerd. Now, if I find he does her Love enjoy, [*Opening the Letter.*
Her kindneſs then her Lover ſhall deſtroy.
I know his courage, and I will take care
In this Nights cauſe he ſhall engage ſo far,
To meet his Death. 'Tis a ſmall Crime, to prove
Falſe to my Friendſhip, to promote my Love.
Reades the Letter.

Phedima, *to* Theramnes.

PRoud Traitor, *ſince your confidence has rais'd you to a pitch above fear or ſhame, to dare to profane my eyes with ſuch a ſcrowl of Blaſphemies, in taxing* Phedima

of

of a Contract to Theramnes; *Since your guilty paſſion has made this your firſt addreſs, know, that you have rais'd your Love on the ruines of your Friendſhip; and that your guilt may be your puniſhment, may you Love ſtill, and to that height, that I may triumph in my ſcorn, and make my cruelty able to give deeper wounds than my eyes: Love, and diſpair. But ſince your eternal Baniſhment can onely give a ſtop to all future Crimes of this Nature, never dare to ſee me more.*

This does diſſolve my fears. Theſe lines do ſhew
Smerdis is happy now, but cruel too;
To be thus jealous of ſo brave a Friend.
But ſince I did 'gainſt Friendſhips Laws offend,
I'le Act ſuch things as ſhall my fault redeem;
Kings can both Act and expiate a Crime.
And though *Theramnes* Friend did the offence,
Theramnes King that Crime will recompenſe. [*Exit.*

Scena ſecunda. *Scene, the Camp.*

Enter Darius, *and* Oſiris.

Dar. During this Truce we will to *Suſa* go
To pay a debt I to my Princeſs owe.
Two Sovereigns, young Prince, have each their part,
The King my hand, and *Phedima* my Heart.
But, Sir, your Friendſhip ſhares part in my Breaſt:
I can't give y' all, but truſt you with the reſt.
This Viſit too is not alone deſign'd
T' a Miſtreſs, but your ſecond ſelf, a Friend.
Oſir. My Rival, Sir, name him, what Friend is he?
Dar. I am unknown to him, and he to me,
Strangers to each.
Oſir. ——————— This is a Riddle too;
A Friend, and one you never ſaw, nor knew.
Dar. But, Sir, I am no ſtranger to his Fame:
Theramnes's Virtues do my Friendſhip claim.
Oſir. But whence ariſe this myſtick ſympathy?
Dar. 'Twas *Phedima*'s fair hand that made this tye.
His worth, his deeds, his ſervice ſhe commends:
That 'twere unjuſt we ſhould be leſs than Friends.

She gives him such a glorious Character,
That being his Friend, I do but second her.
And then her Letters tell me, how that she
Has giv'n him such a Character of me,
That he already is impatient grown,
Till both of us are to each other known.

Osir. Friendship a stranger progress never made,
That by a Mediatour is convey'd,
You court *Theramnes*'s Love, a Friend unseen;
As Kings by Proxies Court a Forreign Queen.

Enter Messenger, who delivers Darius *a Letter.*

Dar. From whence?

Mess. From *Susa*, Sir.

Dar. ——— Then may it prove, [*Kisses the Letter.*
Some kind and happy Embassy of Love. [*Opens the out-side Letter, and reads.*

Auretta, *to her Lord* Darius.

THe greatness of your generous favours, and the confidence you have been pleased to place in me, has obliged me, having found this Letter escap'd from my Ladies hand, to present it to yours, as a token that I am still your most faithfull confident of your passion, and Advocate in your Love; Auretta.

[*Opens the incloſed, and reads.*

Theramnes, to the Constant *Phedima.*

The Prologue's strange —— but I'le suppress my doubt;
And stay my wonder, till I've read it out.

[*Reades to himself, and seems much disorder'd.*

Osir. What sudden change does in his Face appear?
Such looks *Darius* brow ne're us'd to wear.
It must be something more than common blasts
Of Fortune can raise storms within his breast.

Dar. ——— Your most faithful, and most happy adorer,
Theramnes. [*Reads aloud.*
Are these the plagues of Love? Am I betray'd?
Has she a Contract with *Theramnes* made?
And can Heav'n suffer it? Sir, if you dare
Out-face the worst of Treasons, reade e'm there. [*Gives the Letter to* Osiris.

Try

Try if your courage does not ſtart to ſee
A more inhumane Barb'rous cruelty,
Than Heaven, or Hell, —— Furies, or Fate, —— or all, [*Ragingly.*
But Woman can invent, —— but theſe are ſmall,
And petty ſportive Crimes in them, to prove
Falſe, and diſloyal to their Oaths, and Love.
Is this the Man ſhe prais'd? Is Love ſo blind,
I could not ſee my Rival in her Friend?

Oſir. She does your merits wrong. But 'tis the Fate [*Having read the Letter.*
Of Lovers, Sir, to be unfortunate.

Dar. But ſince *Darius* ſuch hard fortune bears,
I will out-do the malice of my ſtars.
I'le be more cruel than my Fate, I'le make
My juſt revenge my injur'd cauſe partake.
Revenge the onely pleaſure of deſpair:
Him from her breaſt, or her from his I'le tear.
I'le end my wrongs by his or my own Fate;
Loſing her Love, I will deſerve her hate.
His blood, or mine, my fury ſhall atone:
I'le cauſe his fall, or cruſh him with my own. [*Exeunt.*

Scena tertia. *Scene, a private Walk:*

Enter Phedima, *and* Orinda.

Phed. Theramnes ſure durſt not commit a Fact,
Should forfeit all his Honour in one Act.
The Virtues of his breaſt ſo numerous were,
He could not in one moment raze out all;
Great Virtues, like great Empires, ruin'd are,
They by degrees muſt ſink, before they fall.
To dare to write that which he needs muſt know
Was falſe, and I muſt needs reſent it ſo.

Orind. No more —— I ſee *Theramnes* walk this way.

Phed. Then, to reſolve my doubt, *Orinda* ſtay,
And tax him of his Love, and by degrees
Search out the grounds of his late injuries;
And ſound his heart, and how he does reſent
My Cruelty, and his late baniſhment. { *Exit* Phedima, *within the Scenes, to over-hear them.*

Enter Theramnes.

Orind. *Theramnes*, let me but one question move.
Ther. Your pleasure, Madam.
Orind. ——————— Did you ever Love?
Ther. What does she mean! that she whom I adore
Should ask me that I ne're durst speak before. } *Aside.*
Assist me, Courage, that I may but prove
So Valiant, as to tell her that I Love.
Orind. What, does your answer need so great a pause?
Ther. And can you doubt th' effect, who are the cause?
How can you think that he who sees your eyes,
Can be exempted from their Victories?
To doubt I love you your own pow'r suspect:
From such bright charms who can his heart protect?
Strangers to Love must Strangers be to you:
Orind. See how his confidence flatters me too.
But I perceive his Art, he by this pause
Seeks to divert me from my Sisters cause, } *Aside.*
By forcing me t' a blush on my own score,
That I may tax him in her name no more.
His guilt's so great, that he's asham'd to hear ——
But I shall ——
——————— Sir, these expressions needless are; [*To him.*
I know your Love.
Ther. —— What could my stars do more,
Then that *Orinda* knew my Love before? [*Aside.*
Orind. Since you your self a Captive do confess,
Theramnes, then leave it to me to guess
Your Conquerour.
Ther. How cunningly she would my passion hear,
Yet seems asham'd that I should tell it her! } *Aside.*
Well, in such language I'le my passion dress,
She shall not blush to hear what I'le express.
Orind. But of what date has this your passion been?
Ther. Since the first day I had my Conqu'rour seen.
In a deep silence, and as great a fear,
In vain I spent a long and tedious year.

And

And like that year now it's whole courſe is run,
There find my ſelf where I at firſt begun.
Orind. And could your paſſion to this height advance,
And you not dare to give it utterance?
Ther. My paſſion, Madam, I could ne're diſguiſe
So much, but ſhe might reade it in my eyes.
Beauties that in our hearts nouriſh a fire,
Like to the gods that do thoſe flames inſpire,
Their Servants ſilence ſeldom do miſtake,
But know their wiſhes, though they never ſpeak.
Thus I have utter'd it.
Orind. ——— And only thus?
Ther. Perhaps ſome few ſighs an eſcape have made:
But thoſe I checkt as too ambitious,
Fearing they had my high-plac'd Love betrai'd.
Orind. Did you ne're write to her whom you ador'd?
Ther. My paſſion ne're ſuch courage could afford.
I never did, nor durſt.
Orind. ——— Falſe man, I ſaw
That Letter which you wrote to *Phedima.*
Where you ſo boldly did your Love defend,
And to her heart ſo great a right pretend,
As if you there had been ſo long a gueſt,
That nothing could remove you from her breaſt.
Ther. What does ſhe mean? Unleſs ſhe jealous be
I Love elſe-where, and tryes my conſtancy.
If it be ſo, how can I happier prove?
For where there's jealouſie, there muſt be Love. } *Aſide.*
Orind. Speak, did you not preſume to tell her, how
You claim'd her Love by Contract, and by Vow?
Can you deny't? or think I never ſaw,
Theramnes to the Conſtant *Phedima?*
Did I not ſee't by your own hand convey'd?
Ther. Too late I find I'm by my King betray'd. [*Aſide.*
'Twas from another hand that Letter came: [*To her.*
I neither th' Author, nor the Subject am.
Orind. Falſe man, did it not bear your name, and can
Your confidence deny you are the man?
Ther. O pardon me, if Arguments I want
To clear my ſelf of what I'm ignorant,

As well as innocent. That I may prove
I ne're aſpir'd to your fair Siſters Love:
Nor ever could, nor durſt; let this ſuffice,
I owe my Conqueſt to *Orinda's* eyes.

Orind. Oh, now I find —— this anſwer merits more
Than all your rudeneſs on my Siſters ſcore.
Since thus your guilt too muſt extend to me,
Know, I can frown, and ſcorn, as well as ſhe. [*Proffers to go out.*

Ther. Stay, cruel, ſtay, and frown again, ſo fair
A Beauty charms ev'n in her frowns does wear.

Orind. Since your Audacious folly's grown ſo great,
Yes, I will ſtay; but onely to repeat
That ſentence which my Siſter gave before,
Theramnes, *never dare to ſee me more.* [*Exit.*

Ther. Condemn'd never to ſee *Orinda* more!
And am I baniſht on my Princes ſcore?
To which of theſe two ſhall I faithful be,
Thus ſtreighten'd betwixt Love and Loyaltie?
For there I to my King have ſilence ſworn,
Performing which I gain my Miſtreſs's ſcorn.
On th' other ſide, ſhould I, in my defence,
Accuſe my King, and prove my innocence:
Should I diſcloſe by whom thoſe lines were writ;
And by mine, my Kings Treachery requite:
On this ſide then *Theramnes* would but prove
Falſe to his Honour, to promote his Love.
But I'le be true to both, and act ſuch things,
As ſhall expreſs that I can out-do Kings. [*Exit.*

Enter Rhedima, *and* Orinda.

Phed. Siſter, his Conqueſt to your eyes is due:
And Loving you he cannot Love me too.

Enter two Villains, uneſpied by Phedima, *and* Orinda.

1. *Vil.* We are to ſeize the Princeſs *Phedima*:
And ſhe has took a private Walk this way.

2. *Vil.* And *Pataſithes* gave us charge, that we
Should take the ſafeſt opportunity.

1. *Vil.* Oh,

1. *Vil.* Oh, here's the prize ; let's ſeize 'em,
2. *Vil.* ——————— Stay, Ile go,
And ſee firſt if the Coaſt be clear, or no ;
Leſt by ſome ſudden reſcue they eſcape. [*Exit ſecond Vil.*
1. *Vil.* They'r object's more for pity, than a rape.
Had not our Patrons bounty made us bold,
Beauty wants pow'r when we're firſt charm'd with gold.
Phed. Denying that he writ it, does expreſs
He has no hopes in't, nor expects ſucceſs.
Then, Siſter, the deſign muſt only be
A deed of malice in affront to me. ——
But that he ſcorns. No, 'tis ſome counterfeit,
And by ſome other envious hand 'twas writ.

Enter again, the ſecond Villain.

2. *Vil.* I've view'd around, and I can onely ſpye
One man within the proſpect of my eye.
1. *Vil.* One ſingle man ſhall not diſturb our prize,
For if he chance to come this way, he dyes. [*They ruſh, and ſeize the Ladies.*
Both Ladies. Help, help. Inhumane Raviſhers.

Enter Theramnes.

Ther. What ſudden cry's this that invades my ears ?
Ha ! Raviſhers ! and my *Orinda* too !
My Sword muſt plead what my Love could not do. [*Draws.*
Unhand 'em, Villains. Beauty never is
Ordain'd for ſuch a rude embrace as this.
Unhand 'em, or you dye.
1. *Vil.* ——————— That you ſhall do :
Our Swords ſhall act that kindnes, Sir, for you. [*Both Villains draw upon him.*
[*The Ladies ſtep in between them, to part them.*
Phed. Hold, Villains, Hold.
Ther. Give me leave.
My Title their baſe number does ſurpaſs ;
I need no other Second, but your cauſe. [*Puts the Ladies by, and fights.*
[Phedima *and* Orinda *run out, crying, help.*

Enter

Enter to them fighting, Darius.

Dar. Since Honour does to th' weakeſt part incline,
Againſt ſuch odds it makes the Quarrel mine. { *Draws, and fights on* Theramnes's *ſide; the two Villains are worſted.*
Give them their Lives.
1. *Vil.* ——— We ſcorn a baſe Reprieve:
We'le either Conquer'd dye, or Conqu'rours live. [*Fights on, two Villains fall.*

Ther. 'Tis your aſſiſtance has the glory won,
Your generous aid, Sir, has my Sword out-done.

Dar. I'm happy in performing Honours Laws,
But ſhall be happier when I know the Cauſe.

Ther. 'Twas in two Ladies Quarrels that I drew
That Sword that's now made fortunate by you.
Beauties, whoſe pow'rful infl'ence is ſo great,
To guide our Swords, we could not but defeat
An Army in their Cauſe.

Dar. Know you their Name?

Ther. Strangers to that, are Strangers too to Fame.
Phedima, and *Orinda*.

Dar. Ha! in their cauſe!

Ther. ——— Fortune could ne're afford
A cauſe more Noble to *Theramnes*'s Sword.

Dar. *Theramnes*! O ye gods! Thanks to my Fate. [*Aſide.*
That at this hour has made me fortunate.

Ther. The happieſt chance that our kind ſtars could ſend,
That we their Lives and Honours ſhould defend.

Dar. In their defence you have your courage ſhown,
But you will ſhew it better in your own. [*Draws.*

Ther. This ſtrange aſſault I cannot underſtand.

Dar. My meaning's legible — here in my hand.

Ther. That Language is too hard to b' underſtood.

Dar. It will be plainer when 'tis writ in blood.
Draw, Traytor.

Ther. ——— Firſt, you'l give me leave to know
From what ſtrange root this ſudden rage does grow.

Dar. Your parley does but my Revenge delay.

Ther. Then take your Conqueſt this more humble way. [*Proffers his Sword.*
For Honour holds my hand from a deſign
Againſt his Life who bravely gave me mine.

Dar. Honour

Dar. Honour a Refuge for your fear procures.
That debt you owe my Sword, pay it with yours.
Ther. Such a rude payment ——
Dar. —— Such a weak pretence
Serves but to yield a Coward a defence.
Ther. My patience cannot to that name submit,
I'm sorry you must have the proofs of it. [*Both fight.*
[Theramnes *draws off from* Darius *in fighting, and offers to speak.*
Ther. Sir, do but hear ——
Dar. —— Must you a parley make,
Thus to take breath, when 'tis the last you'll take?
[*Fights on, and gives* Theramnes *a mortal wound.*

Enter to them fighting, Osiris, Phedima, *and* Orinda.

Phed. What new assault is this?
Osir. —— *Darius,* hold.
Your fury 'gainst this Stranger is too bold.
Ther. Darius!
The onely man on Earth whom I design'd
To be my Friend, my Murderer I find. [*Aside.*
Phed. Darius!
What Fatal cause enrag'd you to this strife,
To use your Sword 'gainst my Protector's Life?
Ther. My Blood runs slow: Fate now Acts it's last part, [*Aside.*
And Deaths cold hand moves faintly o're my heart.
Phed. I'm bound in Honour for that aid you lent.
Ther. That Bond you Cancel in th' acknowledgment.
Phed. My freedom you releast, a gift so great,
That I must owe a Ransom, not a Debt. [*To Ther.*
But, Sir, what rage arm'd you to this bold deed, [*To Dar.*
Against *Theramnes,* whom the Fates decreed ——
Dar. Against *Theramnes* whom you have decreed
Should in your Love too happily succeed.
Phed. Are these the grounds? Your jealousie remove,
He's Rival to your Courage, not your Love.
His Valour 'twas that did my Honour guard,
Which your rude fury did but ill reward.
From these bold Ravishers, whose blood he spilt, [*Points to the two Villains.*
Rescu'd my Life, and recompenc'd their guilt.

Ther. My

Ther. My ling'ring ſpirits do ſtill faintly hault;
Death ſure has laid a ſiege, not an aſſault. [*Aſide.*
Dar. Since you miſtake his Love, you ſhall not err,
I'le ſhew you't in a plainer Character.
Have you forgot ſo ſoon ſince you firſt ſaw,
Theramnes to the conſtant *Phedima*?
Dare you reade this? [*Gives her the Letter.*
Phed. What is't I dare not do? [*Looks upon the Letter.*
Has falſe *Auretta* then betray'd me too! [*Aſide.*
This pamphlet I have ſeen, and read, and more ——
But did *Theramnes* ever ſee't before?
Know you this hand? [*Gives the Letter to* Theramnes.
———— And do you know this Breaſt? [To Dar.
Suſpitious man, dares your weak faith digeſt
Such baſe low thoughts of me, to dare to think
My Virtue can grow leſs, or Courage ſhrink?
Your Crime had been more venial, and leſs ſtrange,
T' have thought my Beauty, then my ſoul could change?
Whatever I durſt Act, I dare defend.
Ther. Is this the kindneſs of my King and Friend? [*Aſide.*
It bears my Name, but not my Character. [*Throws away the Letter.*
My paſſion is not written there, —— but here. [*Points to his Breaſt.*
In *Phedima's* fair eyes ſuch glories ſhine,
As may command all hearts to yield —— But mine.
But from her Charms I did my Breaſt defend:
And I am not your Rival, but your Friend.
Dar. And can you your own Name deny, and ſee
That Letter witneſs of your perjnrie?
Ther. That Letter, Sir, is forg'd and counterfeit.
Dar. By whom?
Ther. You muſt not know by whom 'tis writ.
Dar. Then will I force ——
Ther. ———— You ſhall not, Sir, nor muſt
I break my promiſe, nor betray my truſt.
Since Honour does my ſecrecy enjoyn,
Rather than break my Vow, I'le own it mine.
Dar. Then will I force that breath to be your laſt.
Ther. That Fatal ſentence is already paſt.
Diſpute no more of that forg'd Character:
But what your Valour, Sir, has writ, reade here. [*Points to his wounds.*

Yet

Yet though your Sword has made my blood ebbe low,
My courage ſtill to the ſame height does flow.
And ſtill my breaſt is large enough t'afford
Room for your Friendſhip, as it did your Sword.
No more your groundleſs jealouſies purſue;
My Conqueſt to *Orinda's* eyes is due.
But I want breath, not words, for my defence,
To prove *Theramnes*'s injur'd innocence.
Yet if I win your Friendſhip, I can't call
This my defeat, who conquer when I fall. [*Falls.*
And may *Theramnes* now ſo happy prove,
Who in his Life could not deſerve your Love,
To win *Orinda's* pity when he dyes, [*To* Orind.
In Life your Slave, in Death your Sacrifice. [*Faints away, as dead.*

Phed. Now ſee what your miſtaken rage has done,
And Triumph at the Conqueſt you have won.
Look there, and tremble, if you have a ſenſe
Of horror equal to his innocence.

Dar. He's gone! too late thy innocence appears:
The current of my rage now turns to tears.
Oſiris, run, call all the help that's near,
Whilſt I my helpleſs griefs eccho to th' Air. [*Exit* Oſiris.
Yet the kind gods have not plac'd Heav'n ſo high,
But that our ſighs and pray'rs may mount the Sky.
Was this the onely way to reach his heart,
Where he too generouſly gave me part?
Could I thy Innocence no ſooner find?
Is cruel Jealouſie, like Love, too blind?

Enter Oſiris, *with Attendants, who take up the Body of* Theramnes.

Thy blood by my unhappy hand was ſpilt,
Love, like Religion, in th' exceſs grows guilt.
Thus Love turns Jealouſie when too ſublime:
As Superſtition is Devotion's Crime.
Uſe all the Arts that may reſtore his breath, } *To* Oſiris, *and the Attendants,*
Or beg, at leaſt, one hour's reprieve of Death, } *who carry off* Theramnes.
That I t' his parting ſoul in tears may tell
My griefs, and take my long and laſt farewell. [*Exeunt* Oſiris, *and Attendants.*

But hold, one debt more to his Virtue's due:
Oſiris, ſtay —— with my dead Friend I'le go ——
To th' other World —— thus —— thus. [*Goes to fall upon his Sword.*
Phed. —— You are too bold:
Hold your rude hands. [*Stays him.*
Dar. —— And does ſhe bid me hold?
Phed. Yes, Sir, ſhe does; ſhe dares not ſee you dye.
Dar. Your kindneſs then recalls my deſtiny. [*Paſſionately.*
Phed. *Darius*, live ——
—— For by your haſty fall, [*Changing her voice.*
Your Death would be too mild, and pain too ſmall.
Your blood would be too Prodigally ſpilt:
Live, only to be puniſht for your guilt.
Or, if th' experiment of Death you'd trye,
'Tis fit you know your ſentence, e're you dye.
Death is but half the rigour of your Fate,
Living you merit, dying, force my hate,
And fall unpity'd. Now ſtrike, if you dare;
Try if your courage equals your deſpair.
Then ſhe whoſe kindneſs did your hand recall,
Will be more kind —— ſhe'l ſmile —— to ſee you fall.
Dar. Oh, now I dare not dye. A ſtrange reprieve,
When cruelty has pow'r to make me live.
Before, her kindneſs did recall the ſtroke,
And now her frowns my ſentence do revoke.
Beauties have this prerogative alone,
Their pow'r is equal, when they ſmile, or frown.
My guilt deſerves the greateſt puniſhment,
Tortures can yield, or Juſtice can invent.
And I could willingly endure the weight
Of all that I deſerve, except your hate.

[Orinda, *whilſt they have been ſpeaking, having caſually taken up the Letter, and viewed it, haſtily brings it to her Siſter.*

Orind. What Seal is this?
Phed. The Arms of *Perſia*!
Know you that Seal? [*Gives the Letter to* Darius.
Dar. Till now, I never ſaw:
It was the Signet of the King.
Phed. —— This Seal
Does then *Theramnes*'s Innocence reveal.

For

For, in your abſence, Sir, the *Perſian* King
To me has made his heart an Offering.
And had I broke my Vows to you, I'de been
No longer, Sir, your Miſtreſs, but his Queen.
When I that Royal Preſent would not take,
He thought 'twas for ſome happy Rival's ſake.
Knowing th' eſteem I to *Theramnes* bore,
He judg'd my cruelty was on his ſcore.
From thence, like you, his jealouſie he took,
Whilſt he our Friendſhip for our Love miſtook;
Then forg'd that Letter in *Theramnes*'s Name,
To trace our paſſions, and diſturb our flame.
Then judge, Sir, whether I inconſtant prove,
Who for your ſake reject a Monarch's Love:
Since you now ſee I am below a Throne,
And have refus'd the proffers of a Crown.

Dar. You have too much my burden'd ſoul or'e-charg'd;
My guilt's too bad a theme to be enlarg'd.
But now I find my Crimes will have no end:
At once I've wrong'd my Miſtreſs, and my Friend.
But you've ſo much of Heav'n, you can forgive. [*Kneels.*

Phed. Yes, Sir, I could, could but *Theramnes* live.

Dar. I with my tears will waſh away my Crime:
With my loud ſorrows I'le reach Heav'n and Him.
I'le pay ſuch Incenſe for my black offence,
Till I take whiteneſs from his Innocence.

Phed. Darius, riſe — His Pray'rs, and Love's too ſtrong;
And I am too kind to be cruel long.

Dar. Thus you repeat thoſe Triumphs you have won,
Your mercy conquers as your eyes have done.

Phed. But ſee you pay ſuch Honours to his Grave,
As may deſerve that pardon which I gave.

Dar. Since pray'rs nor tears cannot his Fate recall,
But ſo much Virtue by my hand muſt fall;
This to his duſt is but a lawful debt,
Who ſhin'd in glory ſhall in glory ſet.
I will erect new Trophies to his Fame,
What from his Life I took, I'le pay his Name.

Orind. My grief with yours, as Rivals, ſhall contend: [*To* Phed.
I have a Lover loſt, you but a Friend. [*Exeunt.*

Scena quarta.

Enter Prexaſpes, *and* Mandana.

Prex. Can you refuſe *Cambyſes*'s Love, who wou'd
To purchaſe yours wade to new Crowns in blood?
'Tis ſtrange that he cannot your heart ſubdue,
To whom the Conqueſt of the World is due.
Mand. Thy ſoul, and his, in this were Rivals ſtill:
You never overcome, but when you kill.
Prex. But, Madam, what I reade in thoſe fair eyes —
Has poyſon in't. There's ſomething in that Form [*Aſide.*
Diſturbs my ſoul, and does my courage ſtorm. ——
Madam, your Beauty. —— Oh, turn it away.
Should I on that bright Object longer ſtay,
Lead by my wand'ring fires, I ſhould my ſenſes quit;
And loſe my ſelf by gazing after it. ——
Madam —— [*Continuing with his eyes fixt upon her.*
Mand. Is not your Meſſage yet expreſt?
Prex. Your eyes won't give me leave to tell the reſt.
Mand. I muſt confeſs his Love I would not hear:
Death's frowns I can, his ſmiles I cannot bear.
Prexaſpes, name no more *Cambyſes*'s flame.
Prex. Then, Madam, I may tell him, in your name, ——
I am his Rival. —— [*Aſide.*
Her ſubtle Darts have made my heart their Prize,
That ſure my ſoul's tranſparent, as my eyes,
To let her Image in. ——
But tell me, can your Breaſt ſo cruel prove,
To baniſh from your heart all thoughts of Love?
Mand. Now, my *Oſiris*, I remember thee. [*Aſide.*] [*Sighs.*
Prex. Her alter'd Viſage wears a Myſtery.
A broken ſigh, joyn'd with a fainting look!
Juſt ſo my Love its ſudden birth firſt took.
Her Actions copy mine: ſure my diſeaſe
Infectious is, and does new Subjects ſeize.
For the ſame ſigns argue the ſame deſires: } *Aſide.*
Perhaps ſhe feels my pains, and meets my fires.

If

If ſo; Thanks to my Stars. Since nobly you
My heart have won, ſo nobly uſe it too.
What, ſtart? You think it is *Cambyſes*.
Mand. ——————— No.
Both thee, and thy inhumane deeds I know.
Could I but think, that Love could be a gueſt
To thy black ſoul, and harbour in thy breaſt;
The very name of Love 'twould odious make.
Prex. You muſt ſeem cruel for your honour's ſake.
No more of this ——— [*Advancing up to her.*
Mand. —— Stand off. Your aim you miſs.
What, ſtoop to him that Murder'd *Amaſis*?
Prex. That was *Cambyſes*'s fault.
Mand. ——— No, Slave, thy hand,
Thy hand did Act what he did but command.
Prex. But his command did to your Life extend,
Which I did from his cruelty defend;
And 'twas my favour that you did not dye.
Mand. No, Barb'rous Villain, 'twas thy cruelty.
Yee ſacred Pow'rs above what was my guilt,
That with my Fathers blood mine was not ſpilt?
My Death Heav'ns Fatal kindneſs did prevent;
Reſerving me for greater puniſhment.
Prex. What, can it be a puniſhment to reſt
In the Protection of a *Prexaſpes*'s Breaſt?
It cannot be, *Mandana*. Come, I ſee
You've learnt the Female ſlights of Modeſty.
[*Advances up to her, and proffers to kiſs her hand, at which ſhe ſteps from him.*
What, a retreat?
As 'tis in Natures Laws, ſo 'tis in Love;
Th' effect's the ſame if th' Earth or Sun do move.
And ſo our Love the ſame effect procures,
If your heart move tow'rds mine, or mine tow'rds yours.
Come then ——— [*Rudely ſtepping to her.*
Mand. This Language, Sir, I cannot hear:
I can my Death, not thy addreſſes bear.
To thee *Mandana's* Breaſt thus kind can prove,
To entertain thy Sword, but not thy Love.
What, art thou ſlow, and doſt thou ſluggiſh ſtand,
When belov'd Murder does invite thy hand?

Prex. Captive,

Prex. Captive, take heed leſt you provoke my hate:
'Tis but ill policy to tempt your Fate.
You truſt my Love, and therefore you preſume ——
But, Madam, know your ſcorn has chang'd your doom.
Nought but your Love your ruine ſhall recall:
For they who once from my high favour fall,
Never leave ſinking, till they reach their Graves.
Mand. 'Twixt Love and Rage, like meeting Tides, he raves. [*Aſide.*
That Death he threatens gladly I'de obey:
That Life I owe to *Amaſis*, I'de pay.
Yet *Amaſis* ——
Do but this fault (if it be one) forgive,
If for *Oſiris* I could wiſh to live.

Enter Cambyſes, *who meets* Prexaſpes *going off.*

Camb. *Prexaſpes*, is *Mandana* yet more kind?
Prex. I cannot meet her in ſo good a mind.
Camb. Since my late frowns and threatnings could not move
Your Breaſt, I'le treat you with a milder Love. [*To* Mand.
Prex. She thinks
I'm ſome tame Lover of the common ſort,
Whom they uſe cruelly to make 'em ſport:
No, ſhe ſhall find my Love does higher flye:
I'le either teach her how to Love, or dye. [*Exit.* } *Aſide.*
Camb. I of my frowns a Nobler uſe ſhould make,
To awe the trembling World, make Empires quake,
And check Heav'ns Thunder. 'Tis not fit my brow,
The terrour of the World, ſhould threaten you.
No, you ſhall find *Cambyſes*, for your ſake,
As mild and calm as Loves ſoft charms can make.
Mand. *Cambyſes*, no; rage, and be cruel ſtill:
Tyrants are only kind, then when they kill.
My Death's the only kindneſs you can do:
My life I hate, ſince 'tis preſerv'd by you.
Camb. Hold: You're ungrateful. Though you've cruel bin,
Thus, thus *Cambyſes* will your favour win.
You ſhall enjoy *Oſiris* —— Do not ſtart:
'Tis he alone that lodges in your heart.

To win your favour this brave deed I'le do;
Be cruel to my ſelf, and kind to you.
Fame ſhall no longer to the World impart
That I want pow'r to win a Ladies heart:
For ſince all other means ſucceſleſs prove,
To gain your kindneſs I'le reſign my Love.
I to my Rival will with Honour yield;
As the retreating *Parthians* win the field.
Oſiris, Madam, is for you decreed,
He is —— I, and the gods have ſo agreed.
Mand. Oh, now I fear ——
Camb. Now for his Arms prepare.
Draw back that Curtain. { *The Scene opens, and on a Table appears the*
Take your Lover —— there. { *Body of* Oſiris, *beheaded; & an Executioner*
Since you all leſſer offerings deſpiſe, { *with the ſuppos'd head in a veſſel of blood.*
Take there, take there your Beauty's ſacrifice.
Mand. *Oſiris* murder'd! And can Heaven be
An idle gazer on his deſtiny?
Gods, can you ſuffer this; and yet lay claim
To this low'r World? Or, is your Thunder tame,
To let the Tyrant live? Are not y' afraid,
Who here below all Virtue has betray'd,
When there's none left on Earth he may purſue,
The next blow he intends will be at you?
Oh, no, this ſtroke by your conſent was given,
To rob the World, to add new Stars to Heav'n. [*Weeps.*
O Tyrant —— Tyrant is a name too good
For him whoſe ſoul's ſo deeply ſtain'd in blood.
Inhumane Murd'rer, had you learnt the ſence
Of Virtue from *Oſiris*'s Innocence;
Or borrow'd ſo much bluſhes from his blood,
You had not rob'd the World of all that's good.
But, Sir, I hope you don't this Virtue want, [*Sinking her voice.*
But what you're pleas'd to promiſe you will grant.
You promis'd that *Mandana* ſhould this day
Enjoy *Oſiris*.
Camb. —— Ay, and ſo you may.
Mand. Tyrant, why then does not *Mandana* fall,
To mix her blood with his?
Camb. —— Madam, you ſhall.

Unleſs

Unleſs you inſtantly reſolve to prove
More juſt to the great *Perſian* Monarch's Love.
Mand. I will do more than Love, let but your breath
Pronounce my Fate, I'le thank you for my death:
And I'le embrace it too as your kind gift,
And th' onely happineſs on Earth, —— that's left. [*Weeps.*
Come, in my Death let me your favour find ——
What, muſt *Mandana* court you to be kind? [*Raiſing her Voice.*
I do conjure you ſtrike, by all your guilt,
Your cruelties, the blood your Rage has ſpilt;
By all that ſacred debt of Love I owe
Oſiris, nay, and more, my Hate to you.
What, are the furies vaniſht from your ſoul?
What ſudden tameneſs does your arm controul?
Or is your fierceneſs calm'd, your rage ſubdu'd,
Stifled with Murders, and or'e-cloy'd with blood?
My Virtues are not ripe enough t' afford
A ſubject for a bloody Tyrant's Sword. [*Weeps.*
Camb. Since Death would ſuch a ſignal favour be,
You ſhall wait longer for your deſtiny.
Monarchs ſhould not their favours raſhly place,
But ——
Conſider e're they paſs their Acts of Grace.
No, you ſhall live, and live till you have known
The influence of an angry Monarch's frown.
Your tears ſhall otherwiſe b' imploy'd, to mourn,
That your Pride durſt *Cambyſes*'s favour ſcorn. [*Exit.*
Mand. I dare not look (my ſoul's ſo much amaz'd)
Where I before for ever could have gaz'd.
Oh, that I could but weep away my ſight,
To ſhare with Thee in an eternal Night.
Or, that I could but melt in tears away;
That when our riſing Sun proclaims the day,
With Morning dew I by his Rays might be
Exhal'd, and ſnatcht up to his Heav'n, and Thee. [*Exit.*

Finis Actus Tertii. The Curtain falls.

Actus

Actus quartus. Scena prima.

The Scene drawn, Cambyſes *is diſcover'd ſeated in a Chair ſleeping: The Scene repreſenting a ſteep Rock, from the top of which deſcends a large Cloud, which opening, appear various ſhapes of Spirits ſeated in form of a Councel, to whom a more glorious Spirit deſcends half way, ſeated on a Throne; at which, the former Spirits riſe and Dance: In the midſt of the Dance ariſes a Woman with a Dagger in her hand; at which the Scene ſhuts.*

In the time of this Repreſentation this Song is ſung from within, as ſuppos'd, by Spirits.

YE ſubtle Pow'rs that rule below,
Onely where horrour dwells,
Whoſe deep dark Cells
Admit no other light,
Then that by which you mortal Fates do write,
Th' events of all your knowledge does foreknow.
The Prince of Fate's already ſet,
That Prince who does in Conſtellations write
Thoſe glorious Characters of light,
The deſtinies of all that's great.
Chorus. *To councel then, to councel ſtrait,*
With all your Miniſters of State,
T' attend the high decrees of Fate.

[Cambyſes *riſes from his Chair, as newly waking, and ſeems diſorder'd.*

Camb. A Fatal Dagger, and a Womans hand!

Enter to him, Prexaſpes.

Prex. This Night, great Sir, your Preſence does demand.
'Tis now th' appointed hour, your Forces wait
To gain admiſſion at the Weſtern Gate. ——
Sir, you forget your ſelf; one moments ſtay
Hazards your Crown, and loſes you the day.

Camb. Tell

Camb. Tell me no more of hazards, nor of Crowns.——
Cambyſes threatn'd by a Woman's frowns!
Prex. Remember, Sir, your Honour 'tis does call,
Your Empire's ſafety, and th' Impoſtor's fall.
And now's the time. What, can you tardy be
To wait on Triumph?
Camb. ——— Let Triumph wait on me.
I will not go.
Prex. —— Not go! what pow'rful cauſe
Can force your courage to retreat, or pauſe!
Or can you leiſure for debate afford,
When Conqueſt, and revenge invites your Sword?
Camb. No, I ſhall meet my Fate; but thanks to Heav'n,
My Friends above have timely notice giv'n.
Prex. Ha! meet his Fate! He dreams of Treaſon too:
Some ſuperſtitious god has told him ſo. [*Aſide.*
Can you fear dangers, or can dangers be
An envious Cloud 'twixt you, and Victorie?
Or is the pow'r of Heav'n ſo dreadful grown,
That fearing that, you can forget your own?
No, Sir, you muſt this glorious deed fulfill:
Let gods be gods, you are *Cambyſes* ſtill. { *Seeing* Cambyſes *make no*
Since you are with Prophetick thoughts poſſeſt: { *anſwer, he proceeds.*
What myſtick fears have thus diſturb'd your breaſt?
Camb. My lab'ring fancy lead me to the brow
Of a ſteep Rock, that ſhaded all below.
From thence I ſaw a low-hung Cloud appear,
Swoln big with miſts, and loaded with the Air:
Which with ingender'd Tempeſts ſeem'd to roar;
Reel'd, ſunk, and ſtagger'd with the weight it bore.
A num'rous iſſue from its bowels flew;
Whilſt the Cloud broke, and melted to a dew:
In which the wanton Spirits bath'd and plaid,
And greedily upon their Mother prey'd.
Then from above ——
I ſaw the Prince of Fates his Arm diſplay:
Lightning and Thunder uſher'd in his way.
His Scepter mov'd, bow'd his Imperial head;
The lower Fates with Reverence obey'd.

Their Volumns instantly were brought, and He
Op'ning the Fatal Legend, pitcht on Me.
Then, in the Councel a dispute did grow,
Whether *Cambyses* mortal were, or no.
But they in vain their arguments did bring,
The Prince of Fates said, No; I was a King.
Straight in the midst I saw a Woman stand,
Grasping a bloody Dagger in her hand.
She by her looks their Sentence did condemn;
And by her posture threaten'd Me, and Them.
Then, as I wak'd, methought, I saw the dart
Snatcht from her hand, and levell'd at my heart.

Prex. And can a dream *Cambyses*'s spirits daunt,
Riddles as dark as are the Nights they haunt?
Your groundless jealousies unjust appear;
Thus greatest Valours smallest dangers fear,
As Lyons tremble at a spark of fire;
Shall it be said, *Cambyses* did retire,
Or shrink from that brave cause he should maintain?
Dreams are but th' unshap'd Monsters of the brain.
And Monster-like should onely be abhorr'd:
No more delays, you must imploy your Sword.

Camb. Urge me no more.
Should I to *Susa* go, Fate has design'd
I from a Woman's hand my death should find.
Are these your stratagems? you had forgot
To keep your projects close, I'le spoil your plot.
My Pow'r has o're their policy this odds;
I'le stay at home, and disappoint the gods.
I'le baffle your Divinity. And since
They have resolv'd it, I'le my Stars convince:
Their borrow'd infl'ence common Fates may sway:
Cambyses has a greater pow'r than they.
Stars are like Galley-slaves, chain'd to a sphear,
And Subject-like onely Heav'ns Vassals are,
To move by Laws, act what th' higher pow'r decrees:
I can move where I will, act what I please.
Cambyses rules *Cambyses*'s destiny:
Nor am I taught how to obey, or dye:

Prexaſpes, ſee *Mandana* hither brought:
I'le by my Love divert this ſullen thought.
Prex. And muſt a Dream his Sanctuary be,
Protected by this Ridling Prophecy?
No, though his ſtay has my deſigns o'rethrown:
I'le take his Life, though I expoſe my own. [*Aſide.*] [*Exit.*
Camb. Though they have thus foretold my deſtiny,
Perhaps my Stars have dreamt as well as I.
[Prexaſpes *enters with* Mandana, *and Exit.*
Mandana, you've my reſolution heard;
The choice is eaſie, ſpeak, are you prepar'd
To be my Miſtreſs, or my Sacrifice?
Mand. When 'tis your Royal pleaſure, Sir, ſhe dyes.
Camb. No, no, I will a milder ſentence give:
It is my Royal pleaſure you ſhould live;
And live in my embraces too.
Mand. ——————— In his ——
In his embrace that murder'd *Amaſis*!
And more, that bloody Tyrant that decreed
Oſiris's cruel Fate; that barb'rous deed,
A deed enough t' infect the breath of Fame:
At which thy leſſer treaſons loſe their name.
Camb. And am I dallied with? your doom is ſeal'd:
Cambyſes's ſentence cannot be repeal'd.
Prepare to Love or dye; chooſe, and be free,
My ſpeedy kindneſs, or my cruelty.
Mand. Your cruelty my courage cannot bear,
Mandana then will in your kindneſs ſhare.
I bluſh to ſay I offer up my heart;
But yet obedience is a Captives part. [*Paſſionately.*
Camb. Welcom kind Princeſs: All the pow'rs above
Shall envy at your kindneſs, and my Love.
If there be any pow'rs above my own,
For they that call 'emſelves the gods, have none.
For if they had ——————
They had not to mankind this favour giv'n,
T' enjoy a bleſſing greater than their Heav'n.
We Princes to our ſelves our greatneſs owe;
They are but Kings above, we gods below.
Now you are kind.

Mand. And

Mand. And why are not you ſo?
Camb. Can you my kindneſs doubt? no, you ſhall find
'Tis you alone have taught me to be kind.
With the next Sun you ſhall your Reign begin;
To morrow you ſhall be proclaim'd my Queen.
Mand. No, Sir, that is not all ——
Camb. ———— Oh, 'tis not all.
Our Love does for a ſtricter kindneſs call.
The night, the night, Love's chief Triumphant hour,
When bluſhes o're our pleaſures have no pow'r:
When Lovers Revel in each others arms,
Confining to one Circle all their charms;
To an embrace. This to your Beauty's due,
Firſt, I will crown our Loves, and then crown you.
Mand. Oh, no, Sir, this is but a barren grant:
I ſtill the crowning of my wiſhes want.
The favour I would have, is this —— to dye. { *Raiſing her voice at the*
Tyrant, your Love's the greateſt Cruelty. { *two laſt word's.*
Cambyſes, no, you do miſtake my part;
'Tis thus alone I'le offer up my heart;
Not to your luſt, but Fury's Sacrifice.
Command my Death: then though your Sword denies,
On Earth, that Empire which my birth had giv'n;
Mandana will commence her Reign in Heav'n,
With my *Oſiris*, in that glorious ſeat
Where Cruelty, and Tyrants never meet.
Camb. How, Captive, am I ſcorn'd, and ſcorn'd by you?
To ſhew what injur'd Majeſty can do,
Your death to this diſpute an end ſhall bring,
I'le act no more your Lover, but your King.
Your Beauty ſhall no more my Arm controul,
I'le find a nobler paſſage to your ſoul. [*Proffers to draw his Sword to kill her.*
Mand. Cambyſes, hold! come, I will milder be;
My kindneſs ſhall prevent your Cruelty. [*Kindly.*
Camb. Then uſe me thus no more, and you ſhall know
What Heav'n and Monarchs when they're pleas'd can do.
Mand. Your Sword for nobler Actions is deſign'd:
To you then, and my ſelf I'le now be kind.
I'le rob you of my Death ———— [*Draws her Dagger.*

Cambyſes,

——— *Cambyſes*, no, [*Raiſes her voice.*
Your Sword, Sir, ſhall not condeſcend ſo low,
To be a Womans Executioner,
My hand alone that guilty ſtain ſhall bear.
Rather then let a King that guilt contract,
Mandana her own murd'rers part will Act.
In dying thus her kindneſs will be ſhown,
She'le ſave your honour, and defend her own.
Now Tyrant, dare to violate her fame,
To ſtain her Virtue, or to force her ſhame;
This, this, ſhall guard her from your injuries, { *Pointing the Dagger to her own Breaſt.*
For when her Honour you attempt, ſhe dyes.

Enter Prexaſpes.

Prex. Welcome this happy opportunity, [*Aſide.*
Mandana, hold, you rob the World, and Me. { *Runs to her, and ſnatches the Dagger from her hand.*
And to my Gracious Sovereign I bring
This Preſent as a Subject's offering ——
[*Advancing to* Cambyſes, *as if he deſign'd to preſent him the dagger.*
Your Death, proud Tyrant —— Dye, *Cambyſes*, Dye. [*Stabs him.*
Camb. And by *Prexaſpes*'s hand! [*Proffering to reſiſt, but ſinks into his Chair.*
Prex. ——— Yes, Sir, 'tis I.
Mand. Oh, Murderer! Help! Guards.
Prex. ——— That will not do:
Madam, the Guards are ſafe, and ſo are you.
Camb. Ungrateful Traytor, muſt my glory be
Unravell'd by ſo baſe a Slave as thee?
Did I for this my favours thus diſpenſe,
And give thee being by my influence?
Prex. Ay, Sir, and 'twas from you I underſtood
This dextrous way of letting Monarch's Blood.
Camb. Oh, that I could but ſo much pow'r recall,
As but to riſe, and cruſh thee in my fall. [*Proffering to riſe, but cannot.*
Or borrow ſo much kindneſs from my blood,
To ſwell ſo high to drown thee in a flood;
Oh, had I ſo much poiſon in my breath,
At once both to pronounce, and give thee death.
I would revenge my wrongs —— but 'tis too late:
And Heav'n it ſelf is a Confederate.

I do forget 'twas by your wills decreed,
I by that Dagger, and that hand ſhould bleed.
But ſince, ye gods, ye did my Fate proclaim,
And raviſht from me both my Life, and Fame,
To let me tamely fall; may you purſue
That juſt revenge which is to murder due.
But if you fail to right my wrongs, and me,
May you want Temples, Altars, Flames, and be
From Homage and from Sacrifice debar'd,
And, that which makes you gods, be never fear'd ——
My paſſion with my blood now milder flows:
Your dying Prince for your laſt pardon ſues: [*To* Mand. *ſinking his voice.*
Now all your ſcorn and Cruelty muſt ceaſe,
Death, that diſarms my Love, concludes its peace. [*He dyes.*
Mand. His unjuſt Fate has o're my wrongs prevail'd;
Farewel, dead Prince, death has thy pardon ſeal'd:
Though thou wert wicked, yet thou wert a King.
But, Traitor, whence did thy black fury ſpring: [*To* Prex.
Who in your Prince's blood your hands embrue?
Prex. Madam, His Death muſt copyed be by you.
Now is the time, proud Girle, in which I'le prove,
The juſt Revenger of my injur'd Love. [*Holding the Dagger towards her breaſt.*
Since you a greater Tyrant are than He,
'Tis juſt that you ſhould ſhare his deſtiny.

Enter Otanes, Darius, *and* Artaban.

Otan. 'Tis ſome ſtrange cauſe our King thus long has ſtaid.
Prex. Return'd ſo ſuddenly! ha! I'm betraid.
Yet my Revenge I'le end. —— [*Goes to ſtab* Mandana.
Dar. —— *Prexaſpes*, hold. [*Stays him.*
What unſhap'd fury makes your Arm thus bold?
Prex. The King, the King ——
Dar. Otan. and Artab. Speak, what?
Prex. —— There murder'd lyes:
Oh, Fatal blow both to our hearts, and his. [*Weeps.*
Dar. and Otan. Cambyſes Murder'd!
Prex. —— Oh, inhumane deed,
For which all *Perſia*, with our King, does bleed! [*Weeps.*

See here the Fatal Dagger, and see there
Mandana's hand, *Cambyses*'s Murderer. [*Weeps again.*
Oh, horrour! Envious Heav'n!
Dar. ——————— *Mandana's* hand,
In our great Monarch's bloody Murder stain'd!
Mand. Perfidious Lyar, must my innocence
Be thus abus'd, and made thy Crime's defence?
Ye gods!
Prex. What does she mean!
The dismal horror of a deed so foul,
Has rais'd so black a Cloud over her soul;
That she forgets the Royal blood she spilt,
Stifled and stupify'd with her own guilt.
What fury made you this black deed pursue, [*To* Mandana.
'Gainst him that had no fault, — but Loving you?
How could your hand ——— [*Weeps.*
Mand. How can your impudence
Accuse *Mandana* of your own offence?
Did not thy hand, thy hand, proud Traitor, give
That wound he from no other could receive?
None but thy hand that cursed deed durst do,
To shake all *Persia* at one Fatal blow.
Otan. Ha! this strange parley, and dispute does breed
More wonder then the strangeness of the deed.
Prexaspes, let the story then be told,
That may this cruel Mystery unfold.
Prex. Know then, my Lords, entring this fatal place,
I saw distraction painted in a Face
'Twixt guilt and horrour; as I nearer drew,
By this faint light I straight *Mandana* knew.
I saw her in a trembling posture stand,
Grasping this bloody Dagger in her hand.
'Twas then, 'twas then my eyes the Night abhor'd,
The Night which did her guilty shades affor'd,
To that black deed, at which our rising Sun
Must blush to see what her bold hand has done. [*Weeps.*
Then from her hand I straight the Dagger snatcht,
And soon a speedy Justice had dispatcht;
But that your entrance did my Arm restrain;
And stay my zeal to my dead Sovereign. [*Weeps.*

Else

Elſe I'ad perform'd the ſecond Tragick part,
Righting his wrongs upon his Murd'rers heart.
Mand. Oh, perjur'd Slave! dare you tempt Heav'n, and know
The gods and Juſtice have a Pow'r below?
Thus to our-face their vengeance? ———
Prex. Ha! Was this murder then a baſtard guilt,
To Father thus on me that blood ſhe ſpilt?
But I forget, they who dare kill their King,
Want not the Face to dare ſay any thing.
Well, ſince I muſt my Loyalty diſpute,
Let this, my Lords, all jealouſies confute. [*Shews them the Dagger.*
Dar. Mandana's Dagger! Oh, prodigious Fate!
Otan. The ſacred Relique of th' *Egyptian* State,
Worn by Succeſſion from their Kings of old:
Of which their Prieſts a wond'rous riſe have told;
Which their Religious Legends do pretend
God *Ammon* did to their firſt Monarch ſend;
Which ſince has by his Heirs been kept, to be
A Badge of the *Egyptian* Majeſty.
Prex. What caus'd her rage is plainly underſtood;
The deep reſentments of her Father's blood,
Her Slavery, and her loſt Crown, and more,
The hate ſhe to *Cambyſes*'s Paſſion bore.
Dar. Mandana ———
Oh, ye gods, that men ſhould be
So much miſtaken in Divinity.
Who could have thought, that ſhe who is adorn'd
With Divine Beauty, has a ſoul deform'd?
Otan. Guards, there within.
Oh, Madam, have you ſo ill underſtood
The tyes of Majeſty, and your high blood?
To ſhed his blood, and thus prophane your own;
Remembring you were born unto a Throne.

Enter Guards.

But now forgive me, Madam, that I muſt
To our dead King, and to our Laws be juſt.
Impute my Rigour to my Loyalty,
That forces me to tell you, you muſt dye.

Mand. To ſhew how gladly I accept that breath,
I'le rob you of the Sentence of my Death.
Guards, I'm your Priſoner. Conduct me ſtraight,
There where *Mandana* may embrace her Fate:
Death is the only happineſs I court.
Prex. The plot was well then, ſince ſhe likes the ſport. [*Aſide.*
Mand. Oſiris, now Fate has this favour giv'n,
To let me dye, to viſit thee, and Heav'n.
Yet though the name of Death has made me proud,
When I am dead may Heav'n remove the Cloud:
And may my better Stars reſtore my Fame
To its firſt whiteneſs, that my injur'd Name
May grow unſullied, as my Innocence.
Dar. And may kind Heav'n forgive you your offence.
The mildneſs, Madam, of your Death ſhall ſhow
What pity we to ſuch perfections owe.
Conduct her ſafely there where ſhe may be [*To the Guards.*
Debarr'd from nothing elſe but Liberty;
Untill her Death your Office ſhall diſcharge.
Mand. Untill her Death ſhall her freed ſoul enlarge.
I come, *Oſiris*, and may ſome kind Star,
That ſmiles on Lovers, guide me to thy ſphear.
There our divided ſouls ſhall meet, and be
A part of the Cœleſtial Harmony. [*Exit, lead out by Guards.*
Dar. The Fates are ſtill malignant to the great:
They riſe in glory, but in blood they ſet. } *Exeunt* Artaban *and Guards,*
Otan. The aſhes of a King's no common duſt: } *bearing out* Cambyſes.
Nor is it fit their memories ſhould ruſt.
It is not juſt *Cambyſes*'s wrongs ſhould be
Idly recorded to Poſterity.
Since the World needs his injuries muſt hear;
They ſhall be utter'd in the voice of War.
His Empire's freedom, and th' Impoſtor's fall,
Summons our courage, and to Arms does call.
But ſince his Brother by your hand did bleed; [*To* Prex.
Before we further in this cauſe proceed,
'Tis juſt we firſt from you more fully know
When 'twas, and where you gave that Fatal blow.
Surpriz'd! [Prexaſpes *ſtarts.*

Prex. It

Prex. It needs my wonder muſt create,
Never to know, and yet to Act his Fate.
Otan. Did you not hear it from our Kings own breath,
And yet are ignorant of *Smerdis*'s death?
Prex. By all that's true, no more to me is known,
Then that he lives, and wears the *Perſian* Crown.
Dar. Can we believe *Cambyſes* would diſclaim
His only Heir, that ſhould preſerve his Name?
Beſides, it againſt Natures Laws would be
T'accuſe himſelf of a falſe Cruelty.
Prex. The Laws of Nature, and the tyes of blood,
Are things *Cambyſes* never underſtood.
No, 'twas his Brother that he would deſtroy;
He envied him that Crown he did enjoy.
He then would have you that revenge purſue,
Which now Death will not give him leave to do.
Smerdis ſtill lives —— but you a War muſt bring,
And out of Loyalty depoſe your King.
Take heed ————
Otan. We know too well, *Cambyſes*'s breaſt
Was ſway'd by paſſion, and falſe Intereſt.
But could he before you and us declare,
You were his Brother *Smerdis*'s Murderer?
If it were falſe, he could not but ſuſpect,
To clear your ſelf, you would his guilt detect.
Prex. Then, to convince you, I with ſhame confeſs
My Loyalty was great, and Virtue leſs.
To quench his thirſt I blood too oft have ſpilt,
The Confident and Actor of his guilt.
And he might think who blood for him had ſhed,
Would not refuſe, barely to ſay, I did.
Thus he t'aſſure you of his Brothers death,
Took this advantage to confirm your faith.
He knew ————
Rather than any ſtain his fame ſhould touch,
I would ſay any thing, who had done ſo much.
Otan. We are convinc'd ————
Dar. Long may thy Brother live, and live to be
Heir to thy Conqueſts, but not Cruelty.

Prex. *Prexaſpes*, well, by Treaſons thou didſt grow,
They made thee great, and ſhall preſerve thee ſo. [*Aſide.*] [*Exeunt.*

Scena ſecunda. *Scene, the Palace.*

Enter Smerdis, *and* Pataſithes..

Smerd. *Cambyſes* dead!
The Heav'ns themſelves two Suns at once can't bear:
Nor Earth below, two Monarchs in one Sphear.
Perſia's too narrow both for him and me,
His glorie's ſhrunk, to give mine Liberty.
Pat. No doubt,'tis to *Prexaſpes* that you owe
Your Empire's ſafety in this happy blow.
Smerd. To him the deed, but to my ſelf the cauſe:
State-intereſt binds ſtronger than State-laws.
With ſuch high proffers I've oblig'd his truſt,
As can do more than make a Stateſman juſt.
You know I've promis'd him the *Median* Crown:
I give him Honours to ſecure my own.
We Monarchs to our ſelves our Fortunes owe:
Our Agents Act but what we bribe 'em to.
Poor Mortals thus may the Gods honour raiſe,
By building Temples to exalt their praiſe.
But 'tis the gods themſelves that do afford
Thoſe Mortals breath, by which they are ador'd.

Enter to them, Prexaſpes.

My beſt of Friends. [*Embraces* Prex.
Prex. ——————— Next to *Cambyſes*. He
Leaves you his Empire for a Legacy.
Knowing how weighty Crowns and Scepters are,
I've been ſo kind to eaſe him of that care.
But, Sir, he did before his death convince
His Nobles, that you were not the true Prince.
But by ſuch Art I did their Storm aſſwage,
That for the preſent I have calm'd their Rage.
And in your cauſe ſuch Arguments did bring,
That they believe you Brother to our King.

But

But, Sir, you know that Stateſmens jealouſie
Does onely ſleep, then when it ſeems to dye.
At each diſtaſt, and ev'ry ſmall miſtake,
Their Jealouſie when 'tis diſturb'd, will wake;
And then their fury will break forth to deeds:
You are not ſafe then whilſt they wear their Heads.
Smerd. 'Tis not conſiſtent with my Empire's good,
To ſtain my name with the chief *Perſian* blood.
Pat. He by mild deeds muſt repreſent the King,
Subtle as Serpents, but without their ſting.
Smerd. That Act would ſeem too cruel; the ſame Arts
That won 'em, muſt preſerve my Subjects hearts.
Prex. To ſave your Honour then that deed I'le do.
Smerd. Name it, my ſafety ſhall depend on you.
Prex. *Theramnes*'s late concealment gives you juſt
Suſpition of his Loyalty, and truſt.
If then your pleaſure would confer that grace,
To conſtitute me Gen'ral in his place;
I will invite 'em to my Tent; and they
For th' entertainment all their Heads ſhall pay.
Then to ſuppreſs all future Mutinies
That may from this Tyrannick Act ariſe,
Their Deaths I'le publiſh, and the cauſe proclaim,
Forging ſuch hainous Treaſons in their Name,
Perſia ſhall do no leſs than think it juſt;
And to my Juſtice, as their Guardian, truſt.
Smerd. But grant the *Perſians* ſhould not think it ſo;
But th' Act condemn.
Prex. ——————— Do you condemn it too.
And if your Subjects murmur, or Rebell,
'Cauſe by my hand the *Perſian* Princes fell;
Then inſtantly, to ſatisfie their rage,
And ſhew you did not in my guilt engage,
Degrade me from my Office, and inflict
All puniſhments that may ſeem juſt and ſtrict.
And I'le ſubmit to th' Sentence, thus you'll ſeem
As far from the conſent, as from the Crime.
Smerd. Well, your Commiſſion ſhall be forthwith ſign'd,
My Army's conduct to your charge reſign'd.

Prex: May Heav'n ſucceſs to *Perſia's* Crown afford
Whilſt you the Scepter bear ———
Smerd. ——————— And you the Sword. [*Exeunt.*

Scena tertia. *Scene changes to the Garden.*

Enter Phedima, *and* Orinda.

Phed. Siſter, you now can by Experience prove
What lately you defy'd, the Pow'r of Love.
'Tis ſtrange the dead *Theramnes* ſhould obtain
That Conqueſt, whom alive you did diſdain.
What raſh Infection does your ſoul invade,
That you, who ſcorn'd him living, court his ſhade!
A Love like yours was never heard before:
T' embrace his Memory, and Name adore.
Orind. Siſter, ſince I have all aſſaults withſtood,
He by no common force my heart ſubdu'd.
Such glorious pains my Captive ſoul endures:
My Love's beyond ſuch abject thoughts as yours.
Your humble paſſions court each fond deſire,
And your Breaſts tamely of themſelves take fire.
You make your hearts too mean a Sacrifice,
Taking infection from your Lovers eyes.
He did more Nobly to my heart aſpire:
He gave me fuel e're he gave me fire.
His Wounds, his Death, his Glory, and his Fame,
They mov'd my pity, and that rais'd my Flame.
Nay, of his Love he Nobler proofs has give'n:
When his late wounds had made him ripe for Heav'n,
His dying breath, before his ſoul retir'd,
Bequeath'd his Love to me, and then expir'd.
His dying breath his paſſion did proclaim:
Thus, Phœnix-like, expiring in a Flame.
Then 'tis but juſt that I ſhould faithfull be,
Thus to preſerve ſo brave a Legacy.
Phed. But your affection is from hopes debarr'd:
When you can Love, and not expect reward.
Love's kindneſſes are lent, not giv'n; for when
There is no hopes to be repaid agen,

It

It ſhould expire. Dead Lovers bankrupt prove,
Death does exempt 'em from all debts of Love.
Orind. No, Love is ſeated in their ſouls, and they
With them their paſſions to the Skyes convey.
For when kind Heav'n does entertain their ſouls,
And to the ſacred liſt of Stars enrowls,
In Heav'n they pay thoſe debts on Earth they owe:
They ſhine and ſmile on us that ſtay below.
They ſtill their Loves and favours do diſpenſe,
Acting their kindneſs in their Influence.
And when in Heav'n we both together meet;
There we our tyes for ever ſhall unite.
No objects then my paſſion remove,
Till it grows up to an Immortal Love.
Phed. Siſter, till now I thought there could not be
A Love like mine, but you out-rival me. ———
But ſtay, my Father's here; let us retire,
And there hear out that paſſion I admire. [*Exeunt.*

Scena quarta. *Scene continues:*

Enter Otanes, Darius, *and* Artaban, *Attended.*

Otan. 'Tis ſtrange! our entrance to the King deny'd!
Dar. Now my Prophetick fears our doubts decide!
He durſt not give us entrance, ſince he knows
He to his being unſeen his ſafety owes.
Otan. Then muſt we to his pow'r obedience yield,
As men to unknown gods do Temples build?
Let dull and credulous ignorance advance
Faith and Religion, nor Allegiance.
Muſt we be onely govern'd by a Name?

Enter to them, Prexaſpes *with Guards, the Guards ſtand off at a diſtance, unſeen by* Otanes *and* Darius.

Prex. *Prexaſpes* muſt *Prexaſpes*'s Crimes proclaim.
And now, my Lords, I do confeſs my guilt,
The blood of *Smerdis* by my hand was ſpilt.

And 'tis th' Impostor that Usurps the Throne:
Otan. And dare *Prexaspes* his bold Treasons own?
Prex. Yes, Sir, he dares; and thank Heav'n too, that thus
Has by my Treasons made me glorious.
Though my late fear did make my duty fail,
And from your knowledge *Smerdis*'s Death conceal:
Now I'm above the fear of punishment:
I dare my guilt confess, and crimes repent.
Smerdis by me was murder'd.
Dar. ——————— And by you
Smerdis th' Impostor is protected too.
Prex. My Lord, he is: and I so high am grown,
To be advanc'd and rais'd next to his Throne.
View here what large extent my pow'r affords: [*Shews his Commission.*
Their Arms are mine, and all the *Persian* Swords.
Be not surpriz'd at this, I ne're before } *Points to his Guards, at*
Till now, my Lords, the Sword of Justice bore. } *which the Lords start.*
Thus I proclaim that Justice I design,
'Tis your command shall rule their Swords, and mine.
Otan. Your gen'rous proffer does surprize us more,
Than the strange news of your large pow'r before.
Prex. But you shall wonder more at what I'le do,
When I am lead by Loyalty, and you.
Dar. But by what Arts have you th' Impostor won?
Prex. By the same Arts I'le pluck him from his Throne.
Since my guilt did from *Smerdis*'s blood arise,
I'le make his Rival's blood his Sacrifice.
The Noblest Valour from Allegiance springs:
Who was the fall, will be the rise of Kings.
Otan. Justice and Glory in this Act will joyn:
And as your Seconds in this brave design,
Our Lives and Fortunes shall assistant be,
To th' height of Courage, and of Loyalty.
Dar. In order that we may this deed fulfill,
We first will execute th' Impostor's Will,
Cambyses's solemn Exequies: whilst all
Our Army waits upon his Funeral;
And all the *Persian* Subject's wand'ring eyes
Are idly fixt on our Solemnities;

Then to the height we our design will bring;
Proclaiming you the *Persian* Heir, and King; [*To Otan.*
And *Smerdis* the Usurper; then surprize
The Royal Palace, the Impostor seize;
The City Gates, the Tow'r, the Forts secure:
All that may strengthen or enlarge our pow'r.
And in one moment all their Force suppress
That shall oppose our glory, and success:
And by this brave design we in one day
Shall Conquer, and redeem all *Persia*.

Dar. 'Tis bravely spoken, now you're worthy grown,
To be proclaim'd Protectour of a Crown.

Prex. But one thing, Sirs, must not escape your ears:
You are the onely men that *Smerdis* fears.
But I, to carry on our just design,
And that we might without suspition joyn,
Assur'd him that your Faiths I did convince,
That you believ'd him the true *Persian* Prince;
I told him you were Loyal, and you wou'd
In his defence venture your States, and blood.
Pretending then 'twill with his glory stand,
T' unite both Armies under one command;
It is his pleasure that you should resign
Both your Commissions, and subscribe to mine.

Otan. Still we expected this; 'tis his pretence
To force us to a blind obedience.

Prex. I therefore in compliance think it fit
You to the Tyrant's pleasure should submit,
Lest he suspect your Loyalty, and mine:
And by that means we frustrate our design.
Not that I'de have you think that 'tis my aim
To rob your glories to enlarge my fame.
No, all that I aspire to, is, to be
The Author of an Empire's Liberty.

Otan. We yield, and hope, resigning our command
We do but place it in a Nobler hand. [*Both give him their Commissions.*

Prex. And with your Arms I will your Trophies raise:
The Conquest shall be mine, the Triumph yours.
As men build Temples not for their own praise,
But dedicate them to some higher pow'rs.

Dar. Go instantly to our chief Officers, [*To his own Train.*
Tell them that 'tis the *Persian* Kings design,
Consulting both his interest and theirs,
Both Armies should under one conduct joyn.
And bid them, in our Prince's name, and ours,
Proclaim *Prexaspes* Gen'ral of our pow'rs. } *Exeunt all the Trains*
Prex. Now to assure you that this high command } *of* Otanes *and* Darius.
Is not plac'd idly in *Prexaspes*'s hand,
Ile give you this first trial of my pow'r.
Guards, seize those Traitors —— [*Guards seize* Otanes, Darius, *and* Artaban.
———— 'Tis your Fatal hour;
Your Stars will have it so.
Otan. Dar. and Artab. Hold your rude hands. [*To the Guards.*
Prex. You do forget resigning your Commands;
You must obey.
Dar. ———— Inhumane Treachery!
Otan. False Traitor to the *Persian* blood, and me.
All. Unhand us, Villains.
Prex. ———— Sirs, it is too late:
You have no time to dally with your Fate.
Your Heads must off, and I must see it done;
My Lords, you all shall set before our Sun.
On my command let your obedience wait: [*To the Guards.*
Conduct them to th' appointed Scene of Fate.
I'le add this honour to your destiny, [*To them.*
Prexaspes will in Person see you dye.
Otan. Are we your pastime?
Dar. Bold Traitor, how can you so salvage be,
To Act, and then to smile at Cruelty?
Prex. No more, be serious, I've no time for sport:
Consider that your dates of Life are short.
Otan. Perfidious Murderer, and may just Heav'n ——
Prex. Be gone, perform that charge which I have giv'n.
[*Exeunt* Otanes, Darius, *and* Artaban, *forced out by the Guards.*
Since both Commissions now are in my hand,
And I do all the *Persian* Arms command;
Those Swords which are committed to my trust,
Prexaspes will take care they shall not rust. [*Exit.*

Finis Actus quarti.

Actus

Actus quintus. Scena prima.

The Scene drawn, Otanes, Darius, *and* Artaban *appear bound and Chain'd in a dark Priſon.*

Otan. PRexaſpes! Oh, tame eaſie Faiths, that we
Could truſt that ſalvage *Scythian*'s Loyalty;
A Monſter worſe than *Africk* ever bred:
Whoſe Breaſt, like Deſerts, is inhabited
By nought but Poyſons.
Dar. Your miſtake does ſeem
Rather a gallant Virtue, than a Crime.
For in great Minds this gen'rous inſtinct Rules:
They by their own Copy all others ſouls;
Acting like thoſe diſeaſes, where the eye
In its own colours does all objects dye.

Enter Prexaſpes.

Prex. My Lords, the King is gracious, and hath ſent
To try how you can brook Impriſonment.
Otan. Impriſonment we think our greateſt bliſs:
There we can ſee neither thy Crimes, nor His.
Prex. Am I by thoſe that wear my Chains contemn'd?
I thank ye, Sirs, ye have your ſelves condemn'd.
Guards, there within.
Dar. ——— Yes, Traytor, thou ſhalt ſee
That we deſpiſe our Deaths as much as thee.

Enter Guards, and Executioner.

Otan. Muſt we not know the cauſe for which we fall?
Prex. The cauſe! ha ha —— Yes, Sir, you ſhall.
It is *Prexaſpes*'s pleaſure you ſhould dye.
Dar. Is this the Juſtice of your Cruelty?
Prex. Juſtice! Juſtice is but the breath of pow'r,
When ev'ry riſing King, and Conquerour

Does make that Juſtice, which his Pow'r makes Laws:
My Pow'r proclaims the Juſtice of my Cauſe.
And in your deaths my pleaſure I fulfill;
'Tis juſt you dye —— to ſatisfie my will.
Otan. Is then your thirſt of blood the onely cauſe?
Prex. Theſe idle interruptions make a pauſe
Onely to give you breath: for dye you muſt:
And it is juſt you dye —— becauſe 'tis juſt.
Artab. And is this all?
Prex. —— I can ſome reaſons ſhow.
You're Traytors to your King and Countrey too.
You, Sir, have twice attempted to ſet fire
On *Suſa*. You, *Darius*, did conſpire
To ſeize the Palace and the Treaſury.
You, *Otanes*, have ſworn Confed'racy
With *Perſia's* Enemy the *Scythian* King.
All theſe, and other Treaſons I could bring ——
But you ſhall dye; then to the World they all
Shall publiſht be to juſtifie your fall.
Otan. Blaſphemous Lyar!
Artab. Is not our Murders which you have decreed
Sufficient, but our honours too muſt bleed?
Prex. Your Lives and Honours muſt no longer ſhine:
But be extinguiſht to make way for mine.
Smerdis muſt be depos'd by me alone,
And then *Prexaſpes* ſteps into his Throne.
That my ambition may arrive to this,
Firſt, I'le take off your Heads: then ſtrike at His.
Otan. Though *Smerdis* be he whom I moſt do hate;
Could I but beg one dayes reprieve of Fate,
I'de be the firſt ſhould thy deſigns betray.
Prex. Ay, Sir, ſo in the other World you may.
Theſe will be pretty ſtories for the dead:
And for that end you firſt ſhall loſe your Head.
Strike him. [*The Executioner bows down his Scymitar in ſign of denial.*
What, diſobey'd? Or is it blood you fear? [*To the Executioner,*
Since my deſign wants an Interpreter,
And your tame ſoul can't conſtrue my intent,
Slave, thou ſhalt dye, to trye th' experiment.

To you, my Lords, this Honour I'le afford,
To fall by me, and this Almighty Sword. [*Draws his Scymitar.*
Stand fair. —— Stay, one thing I forgot; I'm told
You leagues of Friendſhip with *Theramnes* hold.
[Darius *hearing* Theramnes's *Name, ſighs.*
A ſigh I know to ſuch a Friend is due:
But be not troubled, he ſhall follow you.
Friends muſt not part. I'de thoughts t' have had him here,
And for your ſakes and mine, I wiſh he were,
That he might ſee this Arm.
Ther. Thou haſt thy wiſh.
He ſees that Arm, and ſo ſhalt thou feel his.
Prex. Traytors, unhand me; ſlaves, what, do you know
Who 'tis you ſhould obey? (
Ther. —————— Yes, Sir, they do.
And ſo ſhall you know too.
Your Guards are mine,
And your life, Traytor.
Prex. Curſe on your deſign.
And curſt be all the Stars that rul'd this day;
That could, or durſt *Prexaſpes*'s life betray.
Am I at once of all my hopes depriv'd?
Ther. Your greatneſs grew too faſt to be long-liv'd.
Dar. *Theramnes* living! and preſerv'd to be
The Author of our Lives and Liberty!
What ſudden change does all my thoughts ſurprize?
Or dare I truſt the witneſs of my eyes?
How ſtiff I am, and undiſpos'd to move,
Theſe pleaſant charms unwilling to diſprove.
Like him who Heav'n in a ſoft dream enjoys:
To ſtir and wake his Paradiſe deſtroys.
Otan. As Ship-wrackt men who on ſome ſhoar are caſt,
Look back upon the dangers they have paſt.
Their horror ſo much of the wrack retains,
They ſcarcely know their ſafety, nor the means.
This miracle of Honour done by you,
Kind Sir, obliges, and confounds us too.
The explication we from you muſt know.
Ther. To Love and Friendſhip you your ſafeties owe.

Advances to ſtrike off Otanes's *head, at which the Executioner undiſguiſes himſelf, and appears to be* Theramnes; *at which the Guards ſeize* Prexaſpes, *& diſarm him, and unbind* Otanes, Darius, *and* Artaban, *and reſtore their Swords, and bind* Prexaſpes.

Theramnes could not see him fall —— nor I [*Points to* Darius.
Could live to see *Orinda's* Father dye.
Hearing that you in Prison were detain'd,
By my Usurper, by *Prexaspes*'s Hand:
His black intentions rouz'd my soul, alarm'd
My sleeping spirits, and my courage arm'd.
I was resolv'd in spight of Fortunes hate,
Either to follow, or prevent your Fate.
But being from all other means debarr'd,
My onely means was left to win the Guard.
Which their old General with ease did sway:
They had not quite forgot whom to obey.
'Twas by their help I am so happy grown,
To save your Lives, on which depends my own.

Dar. The greatest wrack my wond'ring soul endures,
Is how you have preserv'd your Life, not ours.

Ther. Know then, when you did of my Life despair,
And left me to brave *Megabyses*'s care;
That fam'd Physitian, whose great skill can prop
Mens sinking Frames, and Humane ruines stop;
His Art the pow'r of Destiny controuls,
Gives Laws to Nature, and Reprieves to souls.
When he had by his subtle knowledge found,
My parting Life still struggled in my wound:
Then what strange skill, what unknown Arts he us'd,
What pow'rful balms he to my wounds infus'd;
(Great Miracles are still great Mysteries)
That were too hard to tell; let it suffice,
He forc'd my flying soul to a retreat:
And re-inforc'd my senses in their seat.
But then hearing your dangers, I prevail'd,
T' have my death publisht, and my Cure conceal'd.
Till in your Service I a proof could give,
I had done something to deserve to live.

Dar. You do too much my burden'd soul o'recharge,
For to bear this I must my soul enlarge.
My joys are but too weighty for my heart.

Artab. To make 'em lighter let us bear a part.

Dar. No, Sir, this is so great a happiness,
Dividing of it cannot make it less.

Brave

Brave Friend. [*Embraces* Theramnes.

Otan. But now I have a cauſe affords
A Nobler Subject for all Loyal Swords.

Ther. Name it; for what cannot *Theramnes* do,
When he's imploy'd for Loyalty, and You?

Otan. 'Tis, the depoſing *Smerdis*.

Ther. ——————— How, betray
Him who the Scepter, and my Sword does ſway!

Otan. What, an Impoſtor?

Ther. ——— Hold, this muſt not be,
Can you forget what's due to Majeſty.
Were't not from you —— Do not abuſe your Friend:
He is my King, and him I muſt defend.

Dar. He whom you ſerve that borrow'd Title wears,
Shame to a Throne and to the Name he bears.
Alas, that Traytor the true *Smerdis* ſlew. [*Points to* Prex.

Prex. Ay, and intended the ſame Fate for you.

Ther. And, what is an Impoſtor then maintain'd
To wear a Crown, and by my guilty hand?
A baſe low Traytor too: and could my Sword
A Sanctuary to his Crimes afford?
But, Sir, can you forgive me this offence?

Otan. Your Sword can your Sword's errours recompenſe.

Ther. Once more the Executioner's my part:
My Sword ſhall now do Juſtice on his heart.
To right my wrongs I in your cauſe will joyn.

Otan. We cannot fail in ſuch a brave deſign.

Dar. But for this Action we muſt be prepar'd
To ſtrike like Thunder, e're the blow be heard.

Otan. But e're I go, I muſt his ſentence give:
Traytor, thy puniſhment ſhall be to live. [*To* Prex.
Thou in this Priſon, and theſe Chains ſhalt lye;
I love you not ſo well, to let you dye. [*Exeunt all but* Prexaſpes.

Prex. Curſes purſue *Theramnes*. All is gone.
I'm faln into a Priſon from a Throne.
And, what's the worſt of miſeries, I ſtill
Keep the deſire, though not the pow'r to kill.
I ſhould not wiſh my ruine to recall,
Had I but ſunk an Empire in my fall:

And made all *Persia* in my ruine share:
That when Posterity my deeds should hear,
It should such horror from my name contract,
Trembling to hear what I made sport to Act.
But now must calmly dye. Had I but first
Like Earthquakes through the trembling World dispers't,
Shook Natures frames, and all Mankind o'rethrown,
I then could dye —— not to survive alone.
But now must tamely perish. —— Well, I see
The gods themselves act by State-policy.
They therefore spightfully my Fate decreed:
'Cause if my rising glories did proceed,
They knew my pow'r to that vast height would sway,
Prexaspes would have grown more fear'd, than they. [*The Scene shuts upon him.*

Scena Secunda. *Scene, the Palace.*

Enter Smerdis, *leading* Phedima.

Smerd. My Faith's confounded by my happiness:
'Tis the height makes the object seem the less.
Have you this blessing really design'd?——
Not, Madam, that I doubt you can be kind:
But he ——————
Whose happy doom an Oracle has giv'n,
May doubt th' intent, though not the pow'r of Heav'n.

Phed. You urge too much what I've too plain expreſt:
And force my blushes to make out the rest.

Smerd. Pardon my doubt. 'Twas my excess of joy
That did my sence of happiness destroy.
This day, fair Excellence, prepare to be
Possessor made, both of my Throne, and Me.
All glories do to Love inferiour prove;
As glory waits on Crowns, so Crowns on Love. [*Proffers to lead her out.*

Phed. But, Sir, to Heav'n I solemnly have vow'd,
That till the gods have their consents allow'd,
I ne're would yield my Love. Whom they design,
Must take his Title from their Voice, not mine.
Permit me then to execute my Vow,
First, pay my debts to Heav'n, and then to You.

Smerd. To

Smerd. To th'; Temple then we inſtantly will haſte,
And there I'le hear my happy ſentence paſt.
To their conſents I will the gods conjure;
What common charms can't do, yours will procure.
And Heav'n that does all leſſer Victims prize,
Can't but accept a Lovers Sacrifice. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Ultima.

The Scene open'd, appears a Temple of the Sun, uncover'd according to the Antient Cuſtome, with an Altar in the middle, bearing two large burning Tapers; and on each ſide a Prieſt ſtanding.

Enter to them, Smerdis, *leading* Phedima.

1. *Prieſt.* Hail, King of Kings, third of that Royal Name,
Heir to great *Cyrus's* Empire, and his Fame.
2. *Prieſt.* Hail, Mighty Monarch, whoſe high Race begun
From the World's Conqu'rour, and our god the Sun.
Smerd. Summon your god-heads. I demand from Heav'n,
In one Petition more than e're was giv'n.
I ask not Crowns, thoſe I eſteem leſs dear:
Crowns I can give, —— for I beſtow one here. [*Bowing to* Phedima.
1. *Prieſt.* Sir, ſince your greatneſs, and her Beauty is
So near alli'd to their Divinities,
You by ſuch tyes do the gods Friendſhip bind,
Heav'n were unnatural, were it unkind.
Smerd. I then would know whether the gods approve
That I ſhould be made happy in that Love
Which they themſelves inſpir'd. If by their Voice
They will conſent to this our Royal Choice;
I'le ſtore their Altars, and I'le make 'em ſhine
With the moſt glorious of all flames, —— but mine.
All this, and greater things than this I'le do,
With ſuch Magnificence, that Heav'n ſhall know
Who 'tis it has oblig'd.
1. *Prieſt.* ———— The Pow'rs of Heav'n
Need not theſe bribes: Their favour's freely giv'n.
Do but with patience, Mighty Sir, attend,
Untill our Rites, and Pow'rful Charms we end;

And you ſhall know, how kind their pleaſures are,
When you, great King, are their Petitioner.

You ſubtle Spirits that do flye
Around the Regions of the Sky;
And as a ſpy, or as a Gueſt,
Can pierce into the cloſeſt breaſt,
And make diſcoveries of all
Events that in your Circuits fall;
Swift as your own wing'd Lightning ſend
Your nimbleſt Herauld to attend
This Royal Pair: That they may know
What Fate Heav'n does their Loves allow.
You who in borrow'd ſhapes appear,
And cheat the eye, but not the ear,
Within this Aiery Circle here, [*Waves his wand round.*
I do conjure you to appear.

Obey our Charms, as we obey your pow'rs,
And tell that Monarch's Fate, whoſe Fate tells ours.

A Glorious Spirit deſcends behind the Altar, and ſpeaks.

Spir. *To ſhew how Heav'n does your deſires approve,*
Th' immortal gods in kindneſs to your Love,
Have for your wounded heart this Fate in ſtore,
After this happy day to bleed no more.
For Perſia's *glory their high pow'rs deſign*
Your Love ſhall like theſe ſacred Tapers ſhine. } *Points to the Tapers*
And to compleat what Heav'n intended has, } *on the Altar.*
Your Love and hopes ſhall end in an embrace.
And to your Beauty the juſt gods ordein [*To Phed.*
You onely for the Perſian *Monarch's Queen.*
Your Merits have from Heav'n this favour found,
Your Love and You ſhall both this day be Crown'd.
But what my Meſſage has not full expreſt,
Your Fortunes and ſucceſs ſhall ſpeak the reſt. [*Aſcends again.*

Smerd. Let Heav'n and Fortune keep the reſt in ſtore,
Till my ſoul's large enough to wiſh for more.

Now,

Now, Madam, I with boldneſs dare declare
When Heav'n is kind, that I preſume you are.
Phed. If 'tis my Fate, that cannot be repeal'd
Which Heav'n has granted, and the gods have ſeal'd.
Smerd. That our advancing joys may ne're retreat,
Now let our Nuptial tyes our Loves compleat.

As Smerdis *advances, leading* Phedima *towards the Altar, a ſoft Muſick is heard, ſuppos'd, in the Air.*

What pleaſant Muſick's this that charms my ears?
1. *Prieſt.* Some Aiery Conſort from the lower Sphears:
A ſacred Tribute which the gods do pay,
To add a glory to your Nuptial day.

Here two glorious Spirits deſcend in Clouds, by whom this Song is ſung.

1. Spir. *KIngs from the Gods, and from our Elements*
Derive their greatnes, and deſcents.
Since they are ſparks of Heav'n
'Tis juſt they have from us this Title giv'n,
To ſhare our Pow'r and God-heads too,
As being Heav'ns Deputies of State below.
2. Spir. *No, no, 'tis otherwiſe decreed,*
Heav'ns Councels do more cautiouſly proceed.
Monarchs, as Rivals to the gods, ſhould find
Heav'n muſt not by State-laws be kind.
The gods for their own greatneſs ſake,
None but themſelves immortal make.
The glories and the pow'r of Kings,
Are fading things;
Like th' objects of ſoft dreams deſir'd,
Courted, Enjoy'd, and in th' embrace expir'd,
And vaniſht whilſt they are admir'd.
Then Smerdis, Smerdis, Smerdis, *'tis high time to wake.*

The Song ended, the Muſick turns into an Alarm, at which a bloody Cloud interpoſes between the Audience and the Spirits; and being immediately remov'd, the Ghoſts of Cambyſes, *and the true* Smerdis *appear in the ſeats of the former Spirits.*

Smerd. Ha! *Smerdis*, and *Cambyſes*! whom the one
I of his Title rob'd, to'ther his Throne.

But ſure the gods miſtake 'emſelves, to think
That *Smerdis*'s courage can at ſhadows ſhrink.
Are theſe the Tragick Maſquers of the Sky,
Whoſe Aiery nothing onely cheats the eye?
Let wandring fires and meteors make them ſtray
Who do not know their Guider, nor their way:
But ſuch weak trifles cannot *Smerdis* fright:
Your gods too late my envy'd greatneſs ſpight.
I have out-done the utmoſt they dare do:
Mock on ——— *Smerdis* defies your gods, and you.
I am above your threats; ſuch empty things
Borrow the form, but I the pow'r of Kings.
No, keep your thin and feigned ſhapes; but know
It was my Treaſon that transform'd you ſo.
And for this Maſque the gods may thank me for't;
'Twas I gave 'em the Subject for their ſport.

Here the Alarm renews, and ſome flaſhes of fire flye croſs the Stage, and the bloody Cloud interpoſes again, and ſtays; the two Tapers on the Altar flaſh, and expire; and [Treaſon] *is heard from within, and a noiſe of Swords.*

What do I hear?

Enter Pataſithes, *amaz'd.*

Pat. Treaſon. We are betray'd.
Smerd. And Heav'n it ſelf too has the Traitor plaid.
Shall my Love *thus like to theſe Tapers ſhine?*
Their light's gone out, and ſo I fear will mine.
Curſe on their Riddles. [*Treaſon cryed again.*
Pat. Ha! the noiſe comes near.
My fears increaſe.
Smerd. No, 'tis too late to fear.
But oh, that *Smerdis* could his Fate recall,
And Reign but one day longer er'e he fall,
To be reveng'd of Heav'n before he dyes:
Id'e turn their Temples to one Sacrifice.
Thus by our gods betray'd!
Can there be Treaſon harbour'd in that Name!
They're all Impoſtors, greater than I am.

Enter

Enter Theramnes, Otanes, Darius, *and* Artaban, *with their Swords drawn*: Theramnes *making a pass at* Smerdis, *they each missing their pass, close; whilst they struggle,* Patasithes *engages with* Otanes; *and whilst* Darius *and* Artaban *offer to thrust through* Smerdis, *in* Theramnes's *Arms,* Theramnes *speaks.*

Ther. Thrust through us both, rather than miss his heart.
[Darius *stabs* Smerdis, *and* Otanes *kills* Patasithes.
Dar. Fortune to guide my Sword took Friendships part.
Smerd. Was this *th' Embrace* in which the gods intend
My Love and Life should with my Empire *end?*
T' has reacht my heart. This Fate Heav'n had in store,
That thus my *Wounded Heart should bleed no more.* [*Dyes.*
Otan. Now, Daughter, you have for your Countries good,
Done what becomes your Duty, and your blood. [*To* Phed.
Phed. What I have done, was in a Crown's defence,
And 'twas an Act of my Obedience.
Dar. But I this deed an Act of Love must call,
When you're an Actor in my Rival's fall. [To Phed.
There's wanting yet to th' Triumphs of this day, [To Otan.
That you accept the Crown of *Persia.*
Otan. My Age, and Youth, with different passions move,
I am above the charms of Pow'r, or Love.
My thoughts flye higher than t' inherit Thrones:
Not to wear Diadems, but dispose of Crowns.
But since my Birth makes me an Empires Heir,
Thus I accept the Crown, —— to place it here. [To Darius.
Dar. Should I accept your birth's and merits due,
I should both injure *Persia,* and You.
No, my Ambition, Sir, shall never climb
Where the acceptance of a Throne's a Crime.
Otan. Since you so nobly do refuse a Crown,
I will this Title of a Monarch own:
I, as your King, this second proffer make,
On your Allegiance, wear it for my sake.
Dar. No, Sir, my Honour pleads in my defence,
I should be guilty in Obedience.

Otan. Since

Otan. Since you at this command refuſe a Throne,
Thus I command you ——— Take it as my Son. [*Gives him* Phed.

Enter Orinda, *and Ladies.*

Dar. In this, my Lord, you do new charms infuſe,
Love makes me take what Honour did excuſe.
In this you give more than a Crown, I dare
Accept an Empire, to divide it here. [*Bows to* Phed.

Omnes. Long live Darius, *King of* Perſia.

[*Here the two Tapers on the Altar light again by two flaſhes of fire, which deſcend and kindle them.*

2. *Prieſt.* This omen Heav'n does to your Empire ſhew,
That light expir'd with him revives with you.
Thus glorioufly the ſacred Tapers ſhone,
That day when *Cyrus* did aſcend the Throne.

1. *Prieſt.* But e're we Crown you King, 'tis juſt you knew
Our Laws are ſacred next our gods, and you;
Laws, which by Monarchs too muſt be obey'd,
And in their right I now am bound to plead.
'Tis written, Sir, in *Perſia's* ſtrict Decrees,
If any *Perſian* King by Treaſon dyes,
That day his Heir does his high ſeat ſupply,
His Predeceſſors Murderer muſt dye.
You therefore in *Cambyſes's* cauſe are bound
To Act his Juſtice firſt, and then be Crown'd.

Dar. Ye gods, that do to Kings this charge entruſt,
You make us cruel when you make us juſt.
Bring in the Captive Princeſs.

Phed. ——— What new Scene
Is this that muſt your Juſtice entertain?

Dar. An object, that had but her ſoul conform'd
To that perfection which her eyes adorn'd;
Her Virtues glorious as her Beauty ſhown,
Madam, ſhe, like your ſelf, deſerv'd a Throne.
But ſince *Cambyſes's* blood by her was ſpilt,
She by her own muſt expiate her guilt.
Juſtice and War in this alike partake,
The bloodieſt ſpoyls the greateſt Triumphs make.

Enter

Enter the ſuppos'd Mandana, *in a Mourning Habit, with a black Veil over her Face, attended by Guards and Executioner.*

Had we not ow'd that blood unto your hand,
Which does my Sentence, and your Death demand,
You ſhould not thus, but a more noble way
Have made a part i'th' Triumphs of this Day:
I then a milder Juſtice would have ſhown,
Not took your Life, but have reſtor'd your Crown.
I'm ſorry then I'm ſo ill taught by you,
By your Example to be cruel too.
Yet, pardon me, that Sentence I muſt give,
Which I want pow'r, not pity, to reprieve:
1. Prieſt. Her Sentence, Sir, is but too long deferr'd.
Dar. Then Executioner ———
Phed. ——— Hold, till I'm heard.
Darius, I my duty ſhould betray,
Not to ſhew pity where ſo much you pay.
Know then, I am your Rival, and dare own
A ſhare in this as well as in your Throne.
Princeſs, your Birth and Fortune merits more [*To Mand.*
Than ev'ry common pity can deplore.
Heav'n to the great this cruel Fortune gives:
The gods have made you prodigal of your Lives
To rob Mankind.

Enter Mandana, *lead in by Guards, and Attendants.*

Mand. —— At your command I come
T'attend your Sentence, and embrace my doom.
1. Guards. I was by that Impoſtor brib'd, but loath [*Points to the other.*
To violate my truſt, I brought 'em both.
Dar. Your Fate is in ſuch Myſteries involv'd,
That Riddle, e're you dye, muſt be reſolv'd. [*Points to the other.*
Mand. What Friend, or Raviſher robs me of my doom,
Borrowing my likeneſs to Uſurp my Tomb;
To ſave my Life, and Sacrifice their own?
Though Love may Rivals have, ſure Death has none.

Death

Death has no charms, or onely charms to me;
'Cauſe dying, I ſhall viſit Heav'n, and Thee,
My dear *Oſiris*.

Oſir. No, he waits you here. [*Undiſguiſing himſelf, and flinging off the Veil.*
Oſiris, Madam, has not left your ſphear.

Mand. Oſiris's ſoul, and come to wait on mine!
Heav'n to our Loves this kindneſs does deſign.
Oh, my dear Saint, ſtay but till I am dead,
And from theſe Earthly Chains of Nature freed;
And then my ſoul ſhall go along with thine,
Whilſt we in Aiery ſoft embraces twine.
We'le like a mounting whirlwind upward move;
We'le flye in Circles in the Arms of Love.
There the kind gods ſhall to our breaſts inſpire
Such ſparks of Heav'n, ſuch new and glorious fire,
That to that height we will our Loves repair,
Till our kind flames ſhall kindle to a Star.
Now, Executioner.

Oſir. ——————— Hold, you miſtake,
Oſiris lives; and had Heav'n for his ſake
And yours been kind, he'd liv'd t' have dyed for you.

Mand. Oſiris lives! Oh, then, might I live too.

Oſir. Know then, that when you ſaw me laſt, when I
Was by *Cambyſes*'s rage condemn'd to dye:
It was the Tyrant's Fortune, to prefer
Lord *Artaban* to be my Murderer.
But he ————
Pitying my Youth, and ſomething which he read
Did in my looks for his compaſſion plead,
In a compliance to the Tyrant's breath,
Diſguis'd me in a borrow'd Mask of Death:
And thence till now my Perſon did ſecure
To free me from the Tyrant's eye, and pow'r.

Mand. Which does the greater wonder ſeem, to ſee
Oſiris live, or come to dye for me?

Oſir. You need not wonder, ſince you know the cauſe,
Love has a pow'r above all Nature's Laws.
Dying for you I ſhould ſo happy prove,
T' have done a deed worthy my ſelf, and Love.

To ſhew your Friendſhip, let my Princeſs live. [*To* Darius.

Dar. Oh, now you ask, what I want pow'r to give.

1. *Prieſt.* The *Perſian* Laws, like to their god, the Sun,
In one unalterable courſe muſt run.
And ſhe muſt dye, nor muſt you favour ſhow,
Becauſe our gods, and Laws will have it ſo.

Oſir. If Heav'n delights in humane Sacrifice,
May not my Death thoſe cruel gods ſuffice?
To ſave her Life, on me that Grace confer,
To fall a Sacrifice to Heav'n, and Her.

Mand. Hold, Sir, your zeal your raſhneſs does declare;
Lovers in all things but in Death may ſhare.
Know then, kind Rival, that 'tis only I
Mandana in *Mandana's* cauſe muſt dye.

Ther. *Mandana*! [*Runs to her.*

To ſee you, Madam, I muſt bleſs my eyes:
But I muſt curſe 'em when I ſee ſhe dyes. [*Aſide.*

Mand. Prince *Intaphernes*, what ſtrange Stars have ſent
You here to ſee that Fate you can't prevent?

Ther. I do conjure you ſpare this Princeſs's blood, [*Kneels to* Dar.
By all that's Friendſhip, all that's great, and good.

Dar. *Theramnes*, riſe. —— New wonders you create.

Ther. 'Tis Nature's tyes make me her Advocate.

2. *Prieſt.* You need no Arguments to plead her cauſe,
For ſhe muſt dye, to ſatisfie our Laws.

Ther. If then your Laws ſuch cruelty exact,
To ſave her Life, I'le juſtifie the Fact. [*To the Prieſts:*
Oh, Sir, you muſt her Life reprieve; you know [*To* Dar.
That to her Hand you do your Scepter owe.

Dar. I from *Cambyſes's* Death my Crown derive:
Not from her guilt that did his Death contrive.
Come then, *Theramnes*, plead her cauſe no more,
I want not Friendſhip, but I want the pow'r
To ſave her Life, though for *Theramnes's* ſake;
Yet 'tis our Laws, not I, that life will take.
Our Laws which do this cruelty enjoyn,
I cannot ſave her Life for him who gave me mine.
Now, Executioner. —— But hold —— I ſee
No Kings of *Perſia* from her pow'r are free.
She Murder'd him, and now ſhe conquers me.

My pity tells me that she must not dye.
Mand. Sir, your delays are but your cruelty.
And since my Death is by your Laws design'd,
A speedy Justice, Sir, is onely kind.
Osir. Hold, Sir, I'le interpose 'twixt her, and Death:
And in my Breast the Fatal weapon sheath.
Mand. 'Tis I must dye. You do your Princess wrong:
Live, though I dye, —— But do not live too long.
For, dying, I to Heav'n a Stranger go,
Wand'ring alone, whilst you stay here below.
And wanting your kind presence, I shall be
A Pilgrim in that vast Eternity.
But that my Soul may not mistake her way,
I'le track your steps, and in your shadow play.
When I'm resolv'd to Air, a subtle guest
I'le hov'ring flye, and steal into your Breast.
And in my Aiery Pilgrimage I'le make
Mandana's soul part of that breath you take.
I'le keep my Image in your brest entire,
Inspiring you with chast and jambent fire.
Sometimes I will with gentle whispers flow,
Sometimes I will a stormy murmur blow.
And in this Language my addresses make,
Breathing that Love which I want words to speak.
Osir. O cruel Princess, now you are unkind,
To think, when you are dead, I'le stay behind.
For when *Osiris* sees *Mandana* dye,
Sorrow will Act that which their hands deny.
Mand. My thoughts were fixt on Heav'n: But, for your sake,
Something, I know not what, does pluck 'em back,
And I could wish to live.
1. *Priest.* —— Our Laws you wrong,
In the deferring of her Death thus long.
Dar. Since Lives, and Laws depend upon my breath,
He meets his own, that does but name her Death.
1. *Priest.* Great Sir, you do forget that Crown you wear.
Dar. 'Tis true, I do: And Scepters sacred are.
Act you my part: whilst I avert my eyes;
My pity shall pay homage when she dyes,

And ſince ſhe ſuffers for my Empire's ſake,
A Monarch's tears
Part of that Royal Sacrifice ſhall make.

1. *Prieſt.* Now, Executioner ———

Enter Prexaſpes, *lead in by Guards.*

Prex. ——— Hold, Sir, till I
Will give you leave to ſtrike, and her to dye.

1. *Guard.* He from the Priſon an eſcape has wrought,
But we ſurpriz'd him in his flight, and brought
Him here before you.

Prex. Think you a Priſon could my pow'r controul,
When Empire was too narrow for my ſoul?
I from your Chains, Sir, have my ſelf ſet free,
To tell you, You aſcend your Throne by Me.
But be not proud, nor think *Prexaſpes* has
On you alone confer'd his Acts of grace.
To ſhew the World that I am complaiſant,
Her Life I as my gracious favour grant. [*Points to* Maid.
For it ſhall ne're be ſaid, a Woman's Name
Uſurpt *Prexaſpes*'s Treaſons, or his Fame.
A Woman ſhall not my great Rival be;
The Fate of Kings onely belongs to Me.
Cambyſes, *Amaſis*, and *Smerdis*, all
Thoſe Pageant Princes by my hand did fall.
And had not Fortune my Ambition croſt,
You had your Lives too with your Empire loſt.
'Tis true, your Laws require my blood, but know
I'le rob you of the Honour of that blow.
High ſpirits have this Refuge, Sir, and I,
My greatneſs and my pow'r expir'd, can dye.
But he who did the Fate of Kings command,
Does ſcorn to fall by any common Hand.
Since my Life was unactive, Fame ſhall tell
Not how *Prexaſpes* liv'd, but how he fell. [*Draws his Dagger.*
Thus he your greatneſs, and your pow'r defies:
And thus *Prexaſpes* by *Prexaſpes* dyes. [*Stabs himſelf, and falls.*

Dar. Thus may all Traytors fall.

Prex. ——————— Ye gods, I come;
For since the World could not afford me room:
Since all the barren Fates could not supply
My hand with blood, I'le mount into the Sky,
And hang a blazing Comet in the Air:
That thus the World Me when I'm dead may fear.
Whilst o're the Earth new horrours I contract,
Still threatning, what I cannot live to act. [*Dyes.*

Dar. This mighty work of Fate we must admire,
Thus the gods guard those Virtues they inspire.
His blood thus spilt has this kind Justice done,
It saves your Life, and punishes his own. [*To Mand.*
Thus bruised Scorpions this Virtue have,
They yield a Cure to the same wounds they gave.
But whence, Sir, does your strange Alliance spring?

Ther. Sir, I was Son to the late *Syrian* King;
Brother to the brave *Amasis*. My Name
Is *Intaphernes*.

Dar. ——————— I have heard his Fame.
What cause, Sir, was it; and what happy chance,
That made you to the *Persian* Court advance?

Int. It was, great Sir, Revenge and Honours Charms:
My ill success against *Cambyses*'s Arms
I'th' *Syrian* Wars, where my dear Father's blood
Was spilt, and mixt among the common flood.
My Army vanquisht, and his Empire lost,
And all the hopes of my succession crost,
I saw *Cambyses* with my Lawrels Crown'd.
No other means for my Revenge being found,
I came to *Persia* in a borrow'd Name,
To Right my wrongs, and to repair my Fame.
By Acts of Chivalry, and Martial sport,
I found acquaintance in the *Persian* Court;
With *Patasithes* I Alliance gain'd,
Who had the *Persian* Government obtain'd,
During *Cambyses*'s Travels. Him I won
To place *Cambyses*'s Brother in the Throne.
For he descending from the *Median* blood,
(Which Empire *Cyrus* had so late subdu'd,

Took the Infection, the design embrac'd,
But in the Throne he his own Kinsman plac'd.
Who in that borrow'd Name to th' Empire climbs,
Making my Sword a Patron to his Crimes.
And by that cheat abus'd the World, and me,
Deluding both our Faiths and Loyalty.
Dar. Since Laws of Monarchy so rigid are,
That in my Throne my Friend's forbid to share:
Accept an Empire in my Breast —— and here; [*Gives him* Orinda.
And may our Royal Sister in your Love,
As happy as I in your Friendship prove.
Otan. Your worth, brave *Intaphernes*, makes her yours.
Int. Madam ——
Orind. Obedience my consent procures.
Yet though a Father, and a Brother too,
Have both bestow'd me as a gift on You;
I in that gift must grant the Nobler part;
They give *Orinda*, I *Orinda's* heart.
Int. Yours in a Crown, in Love's my happiness;
Mine may be lower, Sir, than yours, not less. [*To* Darius.
Dar. The *Syrian* Lawrels now shall fade no more:
Your Merits do your Ravisht Crown restore. [*To* Int.
And for ——
Those wrongs *Cambyses* has to *Egypt* done,
I give 'em back more than his Arms e're won.
Your self I to your Throne restore. Thus Fate [*To* Mand.
Ordains that glory should on Beauty wait.
Ofir. Do you remember now your Vows, and Love?
Mand. Love, of all Crimes, cannot forgetful prove.
Since thus my calmer Fates restore my Crown,
Now the gods smile, *Mandana* cannot frown.
Honour and Love now both perform their part,
I give an Empire where I give a heart.
Otan. Though for your sake I do a Throne disdain,
Yet my Posterity with yours shall Reign. [*To* Darius.
And in your Heirs your blood shall mix with mine:
As divers Fountains in one Current joyn.
This to my Fame the only glory brings,
Not to wear Crowns, but have a Race of Kings.

Dar. And

Dar. And this my onely glory I must own,
Adopted to your blood, and to a Throne.
All that I am, your Beauty rais'd me to:
I to a Crown aspire to merit you. [*To* Phed.
Thus to a Throne no common wayes I move,
Others rise by Ambition, I by Love.

Epilogue.

EPILOGUE.

THe Persian *Laws now cease to seem severe;*
You have more cruel Laws that govern here:
Your undisputed pow'r, who Judges sit,
To Sentence all the trespasses of wit.
How can our Author then his doom recall?
He knows he must under your Justice fall;
Being guilty of so capital a Crime,
As shedding so much Humane blood in Rhime.
Amongst you Wits such monstrous factions rage,
Such various censures, that 'tis thought the Stage
Breeds more Opinions, and produces far
More Heresies than the late Civil War.
Nay, Poets too themselves, of late, they say,
The greatest Hectors are that e're huff'd Play.
Like the Issue of the Dragons teeth, one brother
In a poetick fury falls on t'other.
'Tis thought you'll grow to that excess of Rage,
That Ben *had need come guarded on the Stage.*
Nay, you have found a most compendious way
Of Damning, now, before you see the Play.
But maugre all your spight, Poets of late
Stand stoutly unconcern'd at their Play's *Fate;*
Provided, 'tis their destiny to gain,
Like the fam'd Royal Slave, a third dayes Reign.
Then sacrifice 'em as you please ———
But if you'll be so prodigal to give
Our sawcy Scribler a three dayes reprieve;
He impudently swears he'll boldly sue,
When your hand's in, to beg your pardon too.
If this, his first, but prosperously hit,
And scape those Rocks where he sees others split:
He vows he'll write once more, only to show
What your kind favour's influence can do.
Faith, for once grant it, that the World may say
Your smiles have been the Authors of a Play.

Postscript.

Postscript.

I Would not be so ungrateful to the memory of the Dead, as not to acknowledge, that my fellow Student had some hand with me in the beginning of this Tragedy; but, dying six Moneths before the finishing of the Play, he did not live to see two Acts compleat: nor are there sixty lines of his remaining; which little concern has in the thoughts of some given him a Title to the whole. And 'tis the pleasure of others, to accuse me of stealing out of an Old obsolete Tragi-Comedy, called, *Cambyses, King of Persia*; a Play which I had never heard of till this had been Acted: but however, those that have seen that may find that I might have borrow'd better language from *Sternhold* and *Hopkins*.

FINIS.

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